



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1777

MAY 26, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THIS week the rehearsals of the Warwick Pageant begin in earnest, and from now till July 2, when the Pageant opens, Mr. Louis N. Parker, the inventor, writer, producer, and Master of the Pageant, will be busily engaged in getting his two thousand performers into shape. Warwick has been working hard for months on dresses, properties, designs, and so forth, and the whole town, indeed, the whole neighbourhood, is giving loyal energy to what promises to be a splendid production. Nearly all the work is done on the spot. Mr. Parker's right hand, Mr. Edward Hicks, is a Warwick man, and has himself written the first episode of the Pageant. The Mayor of Warwick, Mr. Kemp, is a well-known antiquarian; the designing of nearly all the dresses and scenes is by Mr. Bolton, a Warwick artist, who has a charming miniature in this year's Royal Academy, and the music is the composition of a Warwick organist.

Warwick has some two thousand years of history to draw upon, and good use has been made of it. Standing, as she does, very near the tree at Leamington which is said to mark the exact centre of England, the city has seen wave after wave of history pass over her. Here Cymbeline died and Caractacus succeeded him, to be taken prisoner by the Romans and return after many years converted to Christianity; here Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, brought her conquered Danes; here Guy of Warwick wedded Phyllis, when he had slain the great Dun Cow of Dunsmore (and the head of the Dun Cow as imagined by Mr. Bolton is indeed fearful); here and at King's Lynn only was Lady Jane Grey proclaimed Queen (and here was discovered by Mr. Kemp one of the few documents which mention "Queen Jane"); and here came Queen Elizabeth with Leicester on the occasion of the famous visit to Kenilworth—to be kissed, according to Mr. Parker's not impossible flight of imagination, by a curly-headed little boy, one William Shakespeare.

The site chosen for the Pageant is one of the most beautiful spots in the grounds of Warwick Castle, with the Avon on the left, ready to take Queen Elizabeth's state-barge, some noble trees on the right, and in the centre a long avenue, down which the gorgeous processions will advance, to group themselves on the wide lawn that lies before the colossal grand stand. Here, in the first week of July, a good deal of England and nearly all America will see unfolded before them the history of an ancient and famous city. The National Home-Reading Union is arranging to hold its summer meeting at Leamington the week before the Pageant, during which lectures will be delivered by the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, Professor Oman, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. F. R. Benson, Principal Childs, Mr. Louis N. Parker, and others.

We learn from Mr. Clarence Rook's sympathetic introduction to Louis Frederic Austin's just published posthumous work, "Points of View," what is news to us, though it may be generally known, that Austin was the author of the Life of Henry Irving by "Frederic Daly." Austin was "associated with" (whatever that may mean) Irving, says Mr. Rook, and used to give him hints or frame-works for his speeches. He was generally regarded, we imagine, as one of those lucky writers who subsist in comfort and elegance on one, or perhaps two, columns of *causerie* contributed every week to certain papers. He was, as a fact, a very hard worker, and wrote regularly two leading articles every night. The *causeries* were only *parerga*—"whimsical fantasy by way of recreation." But how good they were—or seemed—a few years ago! The present writer well remembers giving up *The Sketch* so soon as Austin ceased to write in it "At Random."

His wit and grace, if they were no match for James Payn's, were quite good enough to make a pleasant moment's reading. And this book of collected papers contains, at least, some capital stories. Here is one which gives a very characteristic view of Tennyson. Walking one day with Mr. George Meredith, he was very silent and gloomy. Suddenly he growled: "Apollodorus [Austin's name for some unimportant Scotch divine] says I am not a great poet." Mr. Meredith objected that Apollodorus's opinion did not matter; Tennyson retorted: "But he ought not to say I am not a great poet." That was the entire conversation. It reminds us a little of a story of Matthew Arnold, to whom a friend once dared to hint that "Merope" was not Greek. Arnold threw up his eyes. "It may not be Greek," said he, "but it is very, very beautiful!"

Austin is amusing, too, in the side issues he raises when discussing a proposal advanced by Mr. H. G. Wells to make every one pronounce alike. The confusion is certainly great. We are all Latinists enough nowadays to say, with no matter what difficulty, inexplicable and indisputable, while, in spite of some sort of a rule in English of throwing the accent back, we cling to inconsolable. Yet we set Latin at defiance and strain our tongues over *laboratory* and *peremptory*.

The changes in pronunciation of words is another interesting topic on which Austin touches. John Philip Kemble clung to the practice of pronouncing "aches" as if it was "aitches." Why? Because in Shakespeare it has to be so pronounced—to scan; just as you must say *revenue*, and sometimes, like Poet Rogers, *contemplate*. Every one knows, too, that in *King John* Constance must call Rome "Room," or she will spoil a pun; though elsewhere in Shakespeare (we have not the reference to hand) it must be called "Rome" to make it rhyme. Whether "gouts" should be called "goots" or "gowts" is still a vexed question; though having in view "wounded," which, as Austin says, was properly pronounced "wounded," we believe "gowts" to be correct. And it is probable, by the way, that the curate in Mr. Bernard Shaw's play who called it "*knowledge*" in church and "*knollege*" out of church, was strictly correct, as he should be, in his reading-desk.

Here is an interesting contrast. In a paper on "Clouds of Glory" Austin writes: "For most of us our own childhood is another existence, bygone and forgotten. Here and there a sensitive temperament has preserved impressions of that embryonic stage, calls up scenes at will, analyses, a little morbidly perhaps, characteristics which had their germs in the well-remembered sensations of the child. . . . But considering that the child is always father to the man, there is a widespread unconsciousness of the paternity." Now hear Thackeray: "Only to two or three

persons in all the world are the reminiscences of a man's youth interesting: to the parent who nursed him; to the fond wife or child mayhap afterwards who loves him; to himself always and supremely—whatever may be his actual prosperity or ill-fortune, his present age, illness, difficulties, renown, or disappointments, the dawn of his life still shines brightly for him, the early griefs and delights and attachments remain with him ever faithful and dear." Many are the strange things; there is nothing stranger than man.

As our last issue was going through the press we learnt with regret of the death of Mr. Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, the most gifted of our painters in water-colours and a man of extraordinary personal charm. He was in his eighty-fifth year, but his art was so far ahead of his time and his sympathy so entirely with his younger contemporaries, that we instinctively associate him with the young reformers of the New English Art Club instead of with the men of his own generation, the generation of Holman Hunt, of Millais and of Ruskin. The companionship of the last Mr. Brabazon enjoyed during more than one sketching tour in North-Western France—half a century before he thought his works worthy of exhibition—and their mutual veneration for Turner drew together two artists of very different outlook. A country squire of ample means, Mr. Brabazon was under no necessity to find a market for his drawings, and he strictly preserved his status as an amateur till he had reached seventy years of age.

In a letter now before us Mr. Brabazon briefly describes his *début*: "I had my first exhibition at Goupil's in December 1892 . . . Sargent had seen my drawings and often wished me to exhibit them—one of them he came and hung himself on the wall after everything was ready. He then wrote for me that admirable preface which the press so much admired." This preface led many ignorant of Mr. Brabazon's age and experience to regard him as a young *protégé* of the American portrait-painter, and only a few weeks ago a writer in an evening journal pithily but inaccurately gave his artistic pedigree as "sired by Turner and dammed by Sargent." With the facts before us it is needless to point out that the art of "H.B.B." was fully developed before Mr. Sargent had served his apprenticeship. That Mr. Brabazon owed much to Turner is obvious; that he was influenced by Monet and Whistler is possible; but his impressions in water-colour and pastel were, above all, the logical outcome of an original genius who regarded form and colour from the standpoint not of a writer, but of a musician.

No account of Mr. Brabazon can be complete which leaves out of consideration his musical gifts and sympathies. It will be remembered that he was the discoverer of Emil Sauer, whose studies and subsequent career were facilitated by the encouragement and generosity of the artist. Himself a pianist of great feeling and considerable technical ability, Mr. Brabazon brought to painting the musician's sensitiveness to tone and harmony. He was neither an illustrator, nor a descriptive reporter, for he dealt, as a musician should, with the abstract rather than the concrete. The play of sunlight on the canals of Venice, on the lakes of Switzerland, the sunset's glow in Alpine skies, on British seas, the peaceful atmosphere of old-world cities, the blither air of busy beaches—these were his subjects, treated not so much for their actual topography as for their spirit, caught by a poet's eye and registered by a master's hand with a magical economy of means, a learned suppression of the irrelevant, and a penetrating enforcement of the essential beauty.

The pressing need for an exact system of classification in Public Libraries was the subject of a paper by Mr. McKnight (Chorley) which was read in his absence by

Mr. Baker (Woolwich) at the last monthly meeting of the Library Association. Although classification is one of the highest functions of the librarian, and the principle of the scientific classification of books has been universally adopted, there are not more than twenty per cent. of the libraries of the country classified on any exact system. The other eighty per cent. are arranged numerically in from eight to twelve main classes. Is it too late for these libraries, many of which have been in existence for years, to be classified on one or other of the exact systems? If it were not too late, the writer of the paper plaintively asked why there was not an exact system in use in all the libraries in the country.

The general opinion amongst librarians, that the public is an ass, is an erroneous one (Mr. Brown, Islington). The public not only appreciates an exact system of classification but understands it. The difficulties in the way of classifying a library at present only divided into a few rough main classes, or of re-classifying a collection of books on a different system, are very much over-rated (Mr. Philip, Gravesend). The greater number of the scientific libraries of the country are not classified, and there is no intention of introducing any exact system. Many of these libraries date back two or three centuries and there are physical disadvantages attending the introduction of any system of scientific classification (Mr. Prideaux, Royal College of Physicians). But no plan of shelving nor, in fact, any physical consideration of a similar kind should have any effect on a system which deals only with the books themselves (Mr. Hutt, Liverpool). The indicator, although a system of close classification may very easily be used in conjunction with it, is responsible for the large number of libraries without any scientific system. The difficulties are small, but they exist; and there is not the same need for an extended classification as is found in an open-access library (Mr. Bond, St. Pancras).

The value of the British Museum would be very greatly enhanced if the present classification there, which is an excellent example of how not to do it, were replaced by an exact system. And the difficulties in the way of this would not be insurmountable, as it could be done in less time and at less cost than that expended on the printed museum catalogue (Mr. Jast, Croydon). The function of the catalogue must not be confused with that of classification. But it is nevertheless true that the printed catalogue is one of the greatest obstacles to the introduction of a systematic classification (Mr. Baker).

Yesterday (May 25) saw the publication of the fourth annual issue of "Printer's Pie," an issue just five times as large as the first, which jumped into instant success in 1903. The profits go to the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation; and two other Societies, the Booksellers' Provident Institution and the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, also benefit by the sale of this annual. So that the buyer is like the buyer of seats at a charity *matinée*: he "has a good time" and does other people good by enjoying himself. The list of contributors to this year's number is stronger than ever. It includes all sorts of writers—the Duke of Argyll and the Poet Laureate, Madame Sarah Grand and Mr. Adrian Ross, Mr. Frank Richardson and Mrs. Clement Shorter; and among the artists are Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Tom Browne and many others. Among the adventitious attractions of "Printer's Pie" is the fact that it includes an accident insurance for £2000 for three months.

Musicians, and especially students of stringed instruments, will be interested in an announcement which appears below—a meeting of the Cremona Society at which will be

exhibited the only known violoncello made by Joseph Guarnerius, known as del Gesù. It has long been asserted that this master never made any instruments but violins. From time to time a viola of his make has been reported, only to prove lacking in the most essential evidence of his handiwork. The find of a violoncello was all the more unexpected—indeed, such a discovery had long been regarded as impossible—owing to the difference in size and likelihood of variation in design and manipulation from his violins. Such a discovery, however, has been made, and the Cremona Society and its guests will be the first to enjoy it. The President, Mr. Horace W. Petherick, who has a book on Guarnerius in the press, will lecture on the instrument, and Professor Herbert Walenn will play on it.

It may be recalled, in connection with the celebration this week of the two hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the constitution of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, that two great names in literature have been associated with the company—Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter Scott. On being admitted an honorary member and appointed bard of the company in 1724, "worthy Allan" composed a short poem of thanks, and under his signature, in the original roll of members, he wrote the following lines:

Apollo! patron of the lyre,
And of the valiant Archers' bow,
Me with such sentiments inspire
As may appear from thee to flow,
When by thy special will and dread command
I sing the merits of the Royal Band.

Admitted a member in 1821, Sir Walter Scott was in the ranks of the corps when George IV. visited the Scottish capital in 1822. The company has never been without its minor bards, and among these are included Robertson of Struan, an ardent Jacobite, Dr. Pitcairne, Thomas Kincaid, and Scott of Thirlstane.

In the new number of the *Periodical* which Mr. Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, issues quarterly, some interesting particulars are given concerning "The English Hymnal," three editions of which are to be issued early in June. The late Rev. W. H. H. Jervois was a member of the editorial committee, and to him "is dedicated the work in which he bore a large share, but did not live to see completed." The book is divided into twelve parts, and contains seven hundred and forty-four hymns. "The liveliest interest," the *Periodical* states, "is being shown in 'The English Hymnal,' and already it has been decided to adopt the book in a large number of churches."

In the letter from Mr. William Mercer published in our last issue the name of Halcourt should be Halcombe.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—On Tuesday next (May 29) at five o'clock Colonel V. Balck begins a course of Two Lectures at the Royal Institution on "Northern Winter Sports; Sweden and its People" and on Saturday June 2 at three o'clock Professor W. Macneile Dixon delivers a lecture on "The Origins of Poetry." The Friday evening Discourse on June 1, will be delivered by Professor H. Moissan on "L'Ebullition des Métaux" and on June 8 by Professor Sir James Dewar on "Studies on Charcoal and Liquid Air."

Society of Arts.—Monday, May 28, 8 P.M. (Cantor Lecture.) George W. Eve, "Heraldry in Relation to the Applied Arts." (Lecture III.) Tuesday, May 29, 8 P.M. (Applied Art Section.) Harry Powell: "Cut Glass."

Royal Historical Society.—Alexander Prize. The following subjects have been proposed by the Council: (1) Latin Commerce and Commercial colonies in the Black Sea, especially in the years 1260-1470. (2) The Union of England and Scotland 1702-7. (3) The Political Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America from the Ashburton Treaty of 1842 until the Alabama Award of 1872. Essays must be sent in before March 31, 1907, to the Offices of the Society, 3 Old Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, London.

Physical Society of London.—A Meeting of the Society will be held at 5 P.M. on Friday May 25, at the Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. (1) Mr. J. S. Dow: Colour phenomena in photometry. (2) Mr. H. Tomlinson and Rev. G. T. Johnston: Exhibition of an automatic arc lamp. (3) Professor H. A. Wilson: The theory of moving coil and other kinds of ballistic galvanometers. (4) Mr. A. Campbell: Exhibition of a bifilar galvanometer free from zero creep.

Cremona Society.—A Special Meeting will be held on Wednesday, May 30, at 7.30 P.M., at the Argyll Gallery, Argyll Street, W., when papers will be read on "Strings" by Mr. E. C. Rimington, and "An unexpected discovery, the only known Violoncello by Joseph Guarnerius (del Gesù)" by the President, Mr. Horace W. Petherick. To be followed by Violin and Violoncello Soli by Herr Ferencz Hegedüs and Professor Hubert Walenn (who will use the Guarneri Violoncello). Tickets may be had of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Albert H. Elliott, Elswick, 4 Woodhouse Road, N. Finchley.

Selborne Society.—Friday, May 25. Annual Conversazione, to be held in the theatre and halls at the offices of the Civil Service Commission (formerly the University of London), Burlington Gardens, New Bond Street, W., from 7.30 to 11 P.M. Presidential Address by Lord Avebury at 8. Lecture on "Extinct Monsters" by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson at 9.30. Exhibits: Natural History Specimens, etc.

Country in Town Exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery, July 5 to 19.—The prospectus and regulations for exhibitors are now ready, and may be had from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, at Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, Whitechapel, E. Exhibits are invited that show in any way what has been done, or what can be done, to introduce some aspect of the country into the street, gardens or schools of our great urban centres.

LITERATURE

A MODERN STATESMAN

Joseph Chamberlain. An honest Biography. By ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)

THERE are obvious objections to writing the life of a statesman while he is still in harness. Frequently it happens, to take a great example, that the end of a career casts a shade of colour over what went before it, and this consideration holds especially good in regard to Mr. Chamberlain. He has promulgated a policy to the country which has had the immediate effect of dividing public opinion and wrecking a party; but it is given to no mortal to forecast the end. It may be that Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda will fall on deaf ears, and that it will die away like many previous efforts to revive the cry of Protection. On the other hand, it is at least conceivable that he may succeed in winning over the majority of the country to his views and that the re-introduction of Protection into the fiscal policy of the country will mark a new departure in our history. He would indeed be a very prejudiced and bitter partisan or rash prophet who ventured to say, while Mr. Chamberlain is still alive, what is going to be the effect of his missionary zeal. To write even a character-sketch of a public man while he is still in the full enjoyment of his powers cannot, at best, be more than a piece of superficial journalism. Political biography is the most difficult of all biographies to understand. The plain citizen, who is no *quidnunc* and who cares little for the gossip of lobby or coterie, is in the habit of taking a platform speech on its merits. He is intent, if he be a sincere citizen, on ascertaining the merits and disadvantages of the broad line of policy dealt with. However, he accepts the arguments in good faith and weighs one consideration against another until he arrives at some conclusion of his own; but the political biography often has the effect of confusing such simple issues. One of the writer's aims is to show that there is scarcely an orator who, when making a speech, is not actuated by some undercurrent of feeling. We confess ourselves to have read many hundreds of speeches, and even studied them carefully, without noticing the hidden gibes and sneers and flouts which have been subsequently pointed out in biography. Here it is not our wish to enter into the vexed sphere of politics or to discuss the rival merits of Free Trade and Protection. Our purpose is rather to judge of this life as a human document, and as such it is well worthy of attention.

Mr. Chamberlain does not belong to the class from which our statesmen have usually been drawn. He is really of the tribe of Cobden, not of that of Salisbury. In the past, we have drawn our politicians almost exclusively from the leisured and landed classes. If we take the list of Prime Ministers even from so late an epoch as that of

Sir Robert Peel, we find that they nearly all belong to the same class. Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Gladstone himself, Beaconsfield (who at least by his ambitions deserves to be included), Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, all belong to the same class. Many men who are exclusively business men have performed all but the highest service to their country. Parliament and the nation owe them much; yet it is curious to note that none has ever attained the highest position, and what is true of the business man is equally true of the lawyer. One of the most eminent was Sir William Harcourt, and yet Sir William just failed to reach the top rung of the ladder. Whether this be due to accident or to a strong Parliamentary prejudice founded upon instinct it would be hard to determine. It is easy to see why a lawyer should encounter a certain amount of suspicion in the House of Commons. He has been trained to advocate a cause, and has got into the way of framing his argument to suit his brief. It is perfectly certain that this does not in all cases injure his sense of fair play, justice and impartiality, because many of our most celebrated judges are men whose good faith even the severest critic would never think of calling into question, and who have in their time been keen advocates. Yet the House of Commons has invariably preferred a man of strong convictions, even if he did not quite come up to the lawyer in ability. On the other hand, business has never been thoroughly on its trial, any more than labour. As a rule, a man who has been successful in commerce has directed the whole of his attention at the most energetic period of his life to this calling and, although later, when his position has been secured, he may enter politics and do comparatively well, it is unlikely that he will ever become the equal of those who have had no other object or aim in life. These considerations derive additional point from the life before us, which the biographer, with no great modesty, calls "honest." It seems to us that Mr. Mackintosh gives most of his sympathy to the Chamberlain of early middle age: the impulsive, nimble and audacious Radical who propounded the doctrine of ransom; who said that Lord Salisbury and those like him were like the lilies of the field which "toil not, neither do they spin"; who on a memorable occasion declared of the peers that "the Lord hath delivered them into our hands"; who propounded the scheme of Home Rule, and generally speaking proved himself the opponent of what is. Evidently Mr. Mackintosh is of opinion that in the early part of his career Mr. Chamberlain aspired to the leadership of the Liberal party. That is the key-note which he gives to all those changes of policy and issues of new problems that took place between the return of the Liberals to power in 1880 and their split on the Home Rule Bill. It is not for us to discuss the question. We simply state the fact and leave it. It is on record that Mr. Chamberlain prepared a Home Rule Scheme of his own and, reading between the lines of Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, it is fairly obvious that he considered himself at the time "dished" by his leader.

The story of the manner in which he gradually came over to the Conservative point of view is interesting in itself and admirably told by Mr. Mackintosh. Indeed, we may say here that, whatever view may be taken of the opinions expressed in this book, it is from beginning to end as enthralling as any novel we have read. Mr. Chamberlain himself makes a first-rate central character. He is a strong man and a man of will, but to fill in the picture we want a biographer who can go into more detail in regard to his life as a business man. When that is more clearly understood than it is at the present moment, it will be more easily possible to establish a harmony between the beginning and the end of his career. A question that we cannot help asking as we read is whether the incubation of the idea of Protection was a natural outcome of Mr. Chamberlain's previous thought and character or merely a bid for popularity. The active, progressive type of mind to which he belongs is ever

seeking some new thing, and it well may be that the scheme of fiscal change propounded so suddenly at Birmingham was the application of the speaker's commercial principles to the conduct of national affairs. It has been said that no one can love another more or less than he loves himself. Mr. Chamberlain's sincerity is beyond question, and we can very well imagine that if he were called upon to "run" the Empire, he would do it exactly in the same way as in early days he ran his business in Birmingham. Whether that would be good for the Empire or not is for politicians and statesmen to determine.

As companion figures to his in this volume there are many striking contrasts, notably the personality of the Duke of Devonshire. Perhaps, when all is said and done, his will be accounted the stateliest figure of the period. He seems never to have nourished a small thought or given expression to animosity. Disinterested, noble and sincere, his is the finest figure that appears in these pages. Mr. Gladstone does not come out so well, since it was necessary to give much attention to those years of his old age when his intellect was obviously failing. Lord Salisbury is most entertaining as the antagonist of Mr. Chamberlain, who was no match for him in word-play and writhed beneath many of the barbed arrows of that master of verbal fence. Very interesting are the two final chapters of the work, one on Mr. Chamberlain's personal life and the other on his characteristics. Even a chronicle of small beer has merits, and the small beer of the following passage may be commended to the reader's attention:

For fifty years he has eaten ices whenever he could get them—penny sorts debarred. His health has excited the envy of his contemporaries. He has, as he told the doctors, been addicted to ices; he has smoked whenever he had nothing else to do, and generally when he had something to do; and he has "consumed in moderation such alcoholic fluids as he saw before him." Yet he declared at the end of 1904 that his digestion was as good as ever it was. In this respect, as in many others, he has been specially fortunate, for a good digestion is as necessary to a politician as a thick skin.

A man who delighted in ices, who took no exercise yet retained a splendid digestion, "surprises by himself," in the words of a well-known character. As a Parliamentarian we have the following thumb-nail sketch of him:

It is at Westminster that Mr. Chamberlain has struggled hardest and gained his highest reputation; there he has aroused the fiercest animosities, and won the most notable victories. He understands the House of Commons. He knows its habits, its moods, its prejudices, its virtues; he knows how to humour it, he has often dared to defy it. He never despises it. At the end of twenty-eight years' service, he declared: "During all that time my respect for its authority, my confidence in its judgment, my desire for its good opinion, has never wavered." Nor has any section, however much it might dislike him, ever despised so skilful and zealous a member. From the month that he took his seat till the present time he has been an individual force, not always calculable, never negligible.

And in regard to his oratory this is worth quoting:

A new style of debate has been introduced by the member for Birmingham. The old school of oratory, with its learning and its pomp, was decaying when he entered the House, and with a new type of Parliamentarian the time was propitious for a new sort of speech. It is characterised by directness, and in Mr. Chamberlain's case by audacity; and it is without ornament.

It would seem that he has not had the literary turn which has enabled some statesmen to mint unforgettable phrases:

Among the most picturesque metaphors employed by politicians in recent years were Mr. Asquith's "ploughing the sand," and Lord Rosebery's "clean slate," and "lonely furrow." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "Ulsteria," served at any rate for a season to indicate a phase of the Home Rule agitation. Mr. Chamberlain claims no credit for "ransom"; "pin-pricks" he took from the *Matin*; "they toil not, neither do they spin," was an audacious adaptation from the sublimest sermon; "what I have said, I have said"—the motto of a baronet—has been traced to Thomas Paine, and has recalled Pilate's "What I have written, I have written." "Little Englander" did not spring from the brain of the new Imperialist; it is said to have been suggested by the *Pall Mall Gazette* which asked in 1884: "The advocates of a Little England, where are they now?"

TWO ELIZABETHS

Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings: Her Correspondence from 1720 [sic] to 1761. By her great-great-niece, EMILY CLIMENSON. 2 vols. (Murray, 36s. net.)
A Woman of Wit and Wisdom: A Memoir of Elizabeth Carter, one of the "Bas-Bleu" Society (1717-1806). By ALICE C. C. GAUSSEN. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

MRS. CLIMENSON'S overgrown book illustrates the fallacy of the personal estimate. Elizabeth Montagu was a woman of wealth and social consequence, acclaimed by her friends as a prodigy of sense and learning, and, in fact, possessor of a quick understanding, a cultivated literary taste, and a more than common acquaintance with books; but as a writer she does not count, nor can she be reckoned an appreciable factor in the intellectual movement of her day. She printed an essay in defence of Shakespeare against Voltaire, and was reported once to have flattered an obscure contemporary playwright named Jephson by exclaiming: "I tremble for Shakespeare!" Whereupon Johnson observed that, when Shakespeare had got Jephson for his rival and Mrs. Montagu for his defender, he must be in a poor case indeed. Johnson, says Leslie Stephen, respected her for her liberality, and "paid her some tremendous compliments, but he had his usual professional contempt for her amateur performances in literature." Such was the lady whose correspondence, as presented by Mrs. Climensson, runs to close on six hundred pages demy octavo—not, observe, the unabridged letters of a life-time, but a selection merely, from the correspondence belonging to thirty (1731-1761), and those, in this respect, the least productive of her eighty years! Her more significant epistolary intercourse, with Johnson, Burke, Sterne, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, and many other prominent people, belongs to a later period (1762-1800). Two letters from Burke, two, already in print, from Johnson, a letter and a curious testamentary memorandum by Laurence Sterne, with here and there a passage in the letters of Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Donnellan, Dr. Young, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Bath, Mrs. Montagu herself, and her cousin, Gilbert West the poet—known to his friends as "Tubby"—fairly exhaust the literary contents of these big volumes; the rest is a mere tale of trivial domesticities—a record of endless flittings to and fro between town and country—"a history of Forms, Fashions, Frolics, Drums, Routs, Hurricanes, Balls, Masquerades, Operas, Plays, and Puppet-shows"—in a word, an infinite deal of nothing.

"I have often groaned in spirit," writes Mrs. Climensson in the Preface, "at having to leave out much that was noble in sentiment, or long comments on contemporary books or events." Well, of sentiment, perhaps, there is enough, and to spare; but why, if hard pressed for space, as she implies—why devote five whole pages to the inoculation of her heroine for the small-pox? As the infection did not take, surely a bare note of the incident might have sufficed—though doubtless in many eyes such petty ills acquire a derivative dignity from the rank of the sufferer, and thus what in the servants' hall would be reckoned a pinprick becomes a tragedy in the boudoir. Be this as it may, we would cheerfully forego the report of the inoculation—an ordeal which, it is gratifying to learn, the illustrious patient supported "with the spirit of a Christian, a Philosopher, and a Woman of true fortitude"—for a few of those "comments on contemporary books" of which Mrs. Climensson gives us a tantalising glimpse. We suspect, if the truth must be told, that she is but faintly interested in the literary side of her subject. In its social and genealogical sides her interest is keen, and her notes, in these directions, are many and good. Indeed, in this respect her book is one that "my aunt Pedigree" might have pored and gloated over.

On the whole, we confess, fair entertainment may be won from this small-beer chronicle, wherein, if the literary

vein is weak, the human element is strong and abundant. In youth, Elizabeth Robinson possessed many charms of person, and her temper was gay, mirthful and papilionaceous; but from childhood upwards her heart was impenetrable, self-centred, calculating, and void of the least tincture of romance. She was one of those passionless creatures

Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow.

When barely twenty, she wrote to her mother:

Love has a good right over the marriage of men, but not of women; for men raise their wives to their rank, women stoop to their husbands, when they choose beneath themselves.

And, again:

A man of merit and a younger brother is a purchase only for a large fortune; as for those who have more merit than wealth, they must turn the penny by disposing of their useless virtues for riches. . . . Gold is the chief ingredient in the composition of worldly happiness. Living in a cottage on love is certainly the worst diet and the worst habitation one can find out.

Precocious Innocence! was ever miss just out of her 'teens so admirably fitted (as Becky Sharp puts it) to "be her own Mamma"? "Riches and alliance," she tells her cousin, Dean Freind, are what she desiderates in marriage; her husband must be "of established fortune and character—so established that one piece of generosity shall not hurt his fortune, nor one act of indiscretion prejudice his character." Is this adorable humility, or is it simply the mammon-worship of "pretty Kitty Lorrimer"? She views the act of marrying Elizabeth Montagu—wise, virtuous, beautiful, but undowered—in the light of an indiscretion! So, too, when her friend Torriano has "done the irrevocable deed" on £500 a year, she deplores his marriage not only "as the world will lose him, but as he will lose the world, which with all its faults is not to be entirely quitted"—as though a penniless wife entailed social ostracism on her husband! And when she hears that her cousin, Betty Lumley, has wedded a poor parson named Laurence Sterne, "a ci-devant rake, now japanned and varnished," her contempt and disgust find vent as follows in a letter to her sister Sally:

I never saw a more comical letter than my poor cousin's, with her heart and head full of matrimony. Pray, do matrimonial thoughts come upon *your recovery*? for she seems to think it a symptom. [Betty had been at death's door before her troth-plight to Yorick.] . . . Mr. Sterne has £100 a year living, with a good prospect of better preferment. . . . I do not comprehend what my cousin means by their "little desires;" if she had said "little stomachs", it had been some help to their economy, but when people have not enough for the necessities of life, what avails it that they can do without the superfluities and pomps of it? Does she mean that she won't keep a coach and six, and four footmen? What a wonderful occupation she made of courtship, that it left her no leisure nor inclination to think of anything else! I wish they may live well together.

Later, at the news of expected progeny in the same quarter, she exclaims:

Does the world want odd people, or do we want strange cousins that the Sternes must increase and multiply? No folly ever becomes extinct, fools do so establish posterity.

Needless to add that, as far as decency permitted, she turned her back on the cousin who had committed the scandalous indiscretion of obeying, in her marriage, the dictates of her heart.

Before Elizabeth had completed her twenty-second year, Prince Charming arrived in the person of Edward Montagu, Esq., M.P., a gentleman some thirty years her senior, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and owner of a good estate in Yorkshire, and heir in remainder through his mother, Sarah Rogers, to an extensive property in the collieries of Durham and Northumberland. After marriage, Elizabeth addicted herself to lion-hunting; and, as she had a large income, a lavishly decorated house in Hill Street and a cunning *chef*, her parties were thronged by the celebrated people of the day. She had always detested cards; and now, though she did not dare openly discountenance them, and, in fact, gave card-parties of as

many as a hundred and fifty guests at a time, she ventured to initiate a more intellectual form of diversion in the shape of literary conversation and discussion, in which distinguished writers and *savants* frequently took part. Some of those "fearful wild-fowl" evitated the ceremony of full dress; amongst others Dr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who invariably appeared on such occasions with his *cruscula* clad in homely blue worsted, instead of the conventional black silk. Admiral Boscawen is said to have been the first to dub this sober-suited covey "the Blue-socking Society." In a letter dated November 13, 1756, Sam Torriano rallies Mrs. Montagu on her intimacy with Stillingfleet (recently her guest at Sandleford), and adds: "Monsey swears he will make out some story of you and him before you are much older; you shall not keep blew stockings at Sandleford for nothing." This is the first allusion to the sobriquet in the letters, and it anticipates Dr. Murray's earliest illustrative quotation ("N.E.D.") by a year.

Mrs. Montagu was, as we have said, a woman of alert intelligence, well read in English literature—she had Milton at her fingers' ends—and mistress of Latin, French, and Italian. But with all her accomplishments she lacked simplicity, and her lofty, self-conscious airs marred the ease and comfort of her guests. "She could never," writes Miss Gausson:

accomplish Mrs. Vesey's feat of *squaring the circle*; even the very chairs and tables seemed to conspire against her, and form themselves into a ring. She possessed no power of harmonising the conflicting elements of which her assemblies were composed. Her guests arrived in a mass, and each individual departed, "feeling himself single, isolated, and embarrassed with his own person."

How could it be otherwise, where the hostess was too deeply preoccupied in posing to give a thought to the feelings of those around her? As a child she was trained by Dr. Conyers Middleton to repeat by rote the abstruse discussions at which, under his roof, she was often present. How far the parrot-faculty thus exercised may have assisted her in the conversational displays of her maturity, it is impossible to say. But if at such times she ever ventured beyond her depth and "talked like poor Poll," the bystanders were none the wiser; for, like the parish functionary of whom her cousin Sterne discourses in his novel of "Tristram Shandy," she had acquired by long practice the habit of playing her official part with an imperturbable gravity of demeanour.

Mrs. Climençon has succeeded in identifying, with one or two exceptions, the numerous folk whose names occur in her text; in other respects her notes are defective and capricious. "Prunello" and "grogam" are explained, but nothing is said about Dr. Courayer's "gold orrace," or "the very handsome Du Cape" worn by Elizabeth when assisting the Duchess of Portland to receive in state, on the occasion of her grace's third lying-in. Again, the editor tells us twice over—once in the text, and, again, in a note—that "wheatears are delicious eating," thus wantonly and gratuitously provoking our gulosity; yet not a word does she vouchsafe touching "the noble game of E. O.," wherewith in 1748 Mrs. Montagu beguiled her evenings at Bath. Some notice should have been taken of that lady's remarkable acquaintance with Milton's verse—scarce one of her letters but testifies to this—of her references to Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherley, Farquhar, and Otway, and her quotations from Waller, Cowley, Prior, Suckling, and Pope. Neither literature, however, appeals to the editor, nor even music—if one may judge from her suggestion that a certain "new Opera" by Handel, of which we read that it was produced in the third week of November 1741 and contained a number called the "Lion Song," may possibly have been the "Messiah"! Of the author of so quaint a conjecture what can be said but that:

Of common tunes she knows not anything,
Nor Rule Britannia from God Save the King.

Of various freaks of quackery related in these letters

take the following anecdote of old Lady Northampton. Desiring to try the effect of "Ward's Pill"—a dangerous compound of antimony prepared by that egregious impostor, Joshua, alias "Spot" Ward—she conceived the expedient of administering it to a cock, which was then killed and converted into broth for her ladyship, whose death presently ensued. The ancients sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius: perhaps the miscarriage in this case was due to the preliminary medication, or (so to speak) pillification, of the victim. Of the Duke of Norfolk we read that he spent his time in drawing plans for beehives; of the Duke of Montagu, that he bequeathed legacies by codicil to each of his servants, his dogs, and his cats. According to Horace Walpole, "as he was making the codicil one of the cats jumped on his knee. 'What,' says he, 'have you a mind to be a witness too? You can't, for you are a party concerned.'" Those eccentric people, the aristocracy!

A *propos* of a rumoured Jacobite rising in February 1744, Edward Montagu, writing to his wife, quotes a saying of one Hungerford, a former member of the House, that "the Pretender was the best wooden leg a ministry ever had to beg with." Amongst phrases no longer current is that of "eating a cold loaf," in the sense of "picnicking." This is not recorded in the "N.E.D." With "hurricane," meaning "a crowded assembly," we were already familiar in the pages of Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Barbauld: it furnishes an exact parallel to *procella*, the word Enclolpius employs to describe Trimalchio's dinner-party. "From the Shell-Room you have no advantage [=view] of the Thames," is an unusual locution, though "vantage-ground" in this connection is common enough. On the whole, the transcriber has done his work well, but here and there he nods, as on p. 241, vol. i., where "in a manner rather smiling Eastern courtesy" should manifestly run, "rather *suiting*," etc. Three lines lower down we read that "Standen asked Mary classical questions. The context shows that "Mary" is impossible; "many" is an obvious and plausible conjecture.

Miss Gausson's book is disappointing: her narrative is so desultory and broken that we have found it difficult to derive a clear impression of the central figure. She has, too, an awkward trick of parenthesising Mrs. Carter's views at every turn of her story, which renders continuous perusal an exercise of patience. It is good to know that her translation of Epictetus rendered Mrs. Carter independent for life, enabled her to spend several months every winter in London, and furnished her with the means to buy a house in the town of Deal, where, after her step-mother's death, her father came to live with her. The pleasantest pages in the book are those which tell of her friendship with the kindly old humorist, Archbishop Secker, whose advice and assistance in her work she besought and received. After closeting himself with Epictetus for a month, however, the old man grew tired and remonstrated as follows:

Are you not ashamed to persecute a poor English Archbishop with heathen Greeks, which it may be hoped he hath the grace to forget entirely? But you cannot be quiet in your bed, you say, without doing it. Very probable truly; for I read of some persons; *They sleep not except they cause some to fall.*

Mrs. Carter replied:

'Tis not to be told how miserably I looked upon Epictetus and how miserably Epictetus looked upon me, at the news that my Lord had so inhumanly given us up to our own devices; however, in consequence of our philosophy, we are determined to go peaceably blundering on; he in being translated till I cannot understand him, and I in translating till nobody can understand me.

Miss Gausson devotes a chapter to the "Queen of the Blues," Mrs. Montagu, whose moral and intellectual measure her demure little friend, Mrs. Carter, appears to have taken accurately enough. When Minerva complained of the hardship of accompanying her husband on a visit to his northern property, her monitress sturdily replied:

After all, the true proof of wisdom is doing the thing which ought to be done. If you had stayed behind, you might have appeared a

much finer lady, and a much finer genius, and might have sat in your Chinese and Athenian rooms and have written more *Dialogues of the Dead*, but you certainly are a more reasonable being in accompanying Mr. Montagu, and assisting him in his business and the entertainment of his northern neighbours.

And she practised what she preached, as Johnson recognised when he observed: "My old friend, Mrs. Carter, can make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." Johnson composed a Greek epigram in her honour, and thought she "ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Louis le Grand." It is curious to find her father writing to Mrs. Carter on June 25, 1738: "You mention Johnson; that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, or poetical character ever reached my ears. I a little suspect his judgment if he is very fond of Martial." *Sed haec prius facere*—in the dark days before the *Dictionary*.

It is right to add that Mr. Robert Brudenell Carter contributes a genealogical note on his family to Miss Gausson's volume.

TASTE OR IMAGINATION?

The English Water-Colour Painters. By A. J. FINBERG.
(Duckworth's Popular Library of Art, 2s. net.)

THIS is a bright and instructive little book, written in a clear and easy manner, with a piquancy and alertness that occasionally rise to humour or sarcasm. It is thoroughly representative of the present revival among art-lovers, which gives respect and study to the traditions of a hundred years ago, and regards with amused contempt the mania that the nineteenth century caught from the successes of mechanics and science.

Pictures were once painted for those who were considered "good judges"; under the influence of this millennial mania, whose watchwords were "education," "progress," and "the overwhelming majority," pictures came to be painted for the public at large. Mr. Finberg considers that up to 1815 Turner painted for "judges"; after that date for the indiscriminate public. In fact, 1815 seems to him the central date in the development of English water-colour painting, much as the birth of Christ appears in history to the orthodox, only it was that devil "vulgarity" who was born in the year of Waterloo.

This idea is calculated to give unity and comprehensibility to the story which Mr. Finberg tells, and he takes full advantage of it: while as a reaction from vulgar errors, which have on the whole prevailed till now, it may well be valued as an effective antidote to a stupefying poison. Admitting this, it may still be asked, does this theory express the facts in their true proportion? is it just, delicate, or capable of development? I wish to offer Mr. Finberg, and those who agree with him, a few considerations which, as it appears to me, invalidate their synthesis; and to suggest that such theories have too much the character of a counter swing of the pendulum.

Every point Mr. Finberg urges against Turner might be made against Shakespeare by any one who regarded the sweet, even flow of his early verse with the same reverence that our author has for Turner's earlier manner. In "Venus and Adonis" Shakespeare appealed to the good judges that were then, and no doubt every offence against their judgment, every freedom and liberty he took with his material, had the effect of securing a wider and wider public for him. Great artists almost always break down those traditions which, nevertheless, have often given some peculiar charm or refinement to their earliest masterpieces, such as may be lacking to their greatest. A tradition is the work of two or more generations of minds possessed by an instinctive or conscious faith in their solidarity with regard to some ideal. It cannot fail, therefore, to enshrine and consecrate some nobleness. No man could

grow noble alone. The solitary inhabitant of a planet could never achieve moral dignity. Art is always addressed to some one and owes its effectiveness to the solidarity that obtains between the artist and the person or persons whom he addresses. What they have in common is the source of his strength. It is impossible either for him or them to value rightly what he alone has. That is divine, demonic, miraculous, incalculable. Every genius possesses a large share of this rebellious and eccentric character. The difference between a man like Turner and a Titian or Michelangelo is a difference of education: Turner had not been able to assimilate the best culture of his day; they had. When he frees himself and trusts to his own eccentricity he appears to fall from one social level to a lower: He then showed that he belonged to the lower middle class still, like the butler who is perfect in the drawing-room, but when at his ease in the kitchen is as frail as his fellows. Turner was forced by the development of his genius to break through the tradition which he had mastered; and to imply, as Mr. Finberg does, that the desire of gain was his only or chief motive is to be sovereignly unjust. The money which rewarded him may at times have seemed even to himself a justification—a compensation at least for what he had been forced to throw away, the approval, the security, the clear view ahead. We are told that he adopted this mercenary course on account of the success of his *Dido*, but the theory does not suggest any explanation of how he ever came to conceive or paint such a picture. Mr. Finberg forgets how much Ruskin and Tennyson, Whistler and Monet have owed to the later half of Turner's work. What beauties he brought within range by his daring, what new realms for research and observation his experiments opened up! The harvest is by no means yet all reaped; we may well allow that much is not yet even ripe.

Now, my contention is that, though Turner's later works share the defect in taste of those to whom they were addressed, they also share the elemental strength of their common humanity, a strength with which Rembrandt, Shakespeare and Michelangelo have all sought alliance. His earlier works were confined to some extent by the pedantic prejudice of the "good taste" of those "judges." "Thaumaturgist" if you like, a worker in wonder, but with the giant Florentine, with Pheidias himself, who, no doubt, made a similar appeal with his gigantic chryselephantine statues! The creative imagination has never, and will never, submit to the management of the "judges." Genius overrules taste. Mr. Finberg's theory colours his treatment of all the artists that precede or follow Turner; he goes more than half-way to meet the former, as a rule rather less than half-way to meet the latter. There is lack of proportion in the tone with which he speaks of John R. Cozens when we turn to what he has to say of Rossetti immediately after reading it.

The whole revival of interest in, and respect for, the traditions abandoned seventy or eighty years ago is necessarily beset with pedantry. Docility to a narrow past may so easily take the place of docility to all those rich and complex conditions that wait ready to inform the modern soul!

This is the only serious criticism I find to make on an admirable and instructive essay, which it is a pleasure to read, even where one is bound to disagree with it. If I can persuade Mr. Finberg to modify his expression of the truth he has so vividly apprehended in the longer work on Turner to which we are looking forward, it is the most for which I dare hope; since those who will heartily concur in the author's conclusions even as at present put forward are doubtless, at present, on the increase, and feel their expectations of influence flattered by every possible presage of success.

T. STURGE MOORE.

UNIONS OR GILDS?

The Restoration of the Gild System. By ARTHUR J. PENTY.
(Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.)

THE author of this book aims at carrying the philosophy of Socialism out of the arena of Politics into that of the Industrial system. Moreover, he turns the tables on the orthodox Socialist and proves the fallacy of his assumption that "Government should be conducted solely in the interests of man as a consumer." The book is remarkable, not so much for the finality of its reasoning as for the stimulus it gives to thought and the ability with which the existing theories of advanced Sociologists are shown to be founded on a false hypothesis. The author frankly admits, as a basis of reasoning, the ideals propounded by such philosophical thinkers as Ruskin, Morris, Carpenter, Carlyle and others, whose writings have shared in forming his opinions. But Mr. Arthur Penty goes a step further than these writers and endeavours to weave his ideals into the fabric of a new Socialism, where the producer shall take the place of the consumer and the master-craftsman the place of the financier. Collectivism (as the author designates modern Socialism), Fabianism and other Sociological doctrines have all been prospected and rejected as inadequate. Mr. Penty successfully proves that Collectivism is at fault in assuming that Competition is necessarily an evil and that Co-operation—that is Co-operation of Capital or the nationalisation of industry—can improve matters for the worker. It would in reality only be turning existing Commercialism into State Commercialism, which is an even worse evil.

It is rightly maintained that our industries, to become healthy, should be under the control of craftsmen rather than financiers, though it is perhaps scarcely reasonable to label our present captains of industry as mere financiers. Nor can we accept without question, that "the capricious taste of the public" is an inherent vice of the consumer; rather is it aggravated, if not created, by the inconsistencies and lack of any standard of the commercial producer. In this relation it is no doubt true that "the sense of a consecutive tradition has so completely disappeared from modern life that it is difficult for many of us to realise what it means;" consequently, to quote further: "the modern craftsman, deprived of the guidance of a healthy tradition, is surrounded on all sides by forms which have persisted, though debased and vulgarised, while the thought which created them has been lost." Similarly, this absence of tradition affected every department of our existence and has finally separated art from life.

In advocating a return to the Gild System of mediæval times, the *modus operandi* is by no means clear. We are told for instance that:

the Gilds cannot be re-established by further evolution upon the lines along which society is now travelling, but by the development of those forces which run counter to what may be considered the normal line of social evolution. Of these, the first which will be instrumental in restoring the Gilds is the Trade Union movement.

But our author then says:

in three respects only, as industrial organisations, are they [the Trade Unions] differentiated from the Gilds. In the first place, they accept no responsibility for the quality of the wares they produce. Secondly, masters are not permitted to become members of these organisations; and thirdly, they do not possess monopolies in their separate trades.

Admitting the importance of these differences, Mr. Penty still does not consider them fundamental.

We must confess that it would appear more logical to argue that Trade Unionism is symptomatic of disease and not of any striving after an ideal, inasmuch it is a movement that recognises only the financial and commercial aspect of labour and in no way the philosophic or artistic. In fact, Trade Unionism is as corrupt and as much in need of reform as any other department of our social system. And it is not satisfactorily explained how the vastly in-

creased commercial relationship between countries which exists to-day is to be adequately coped with by a system which ignores financial profit. The internationalisation of all thought and progress is surely the inevitable trend of our modern development. It cannot be said that there are forces which will successfully run counter to this normal line of evolution. "The second force which is preparing for the restoration of the Gilds" is the Arts and Crafts movement, and this should, in our opinion, have been placed first. We could have wished that this section of the book had been worked out more thoroughly. It might conceivably have been shown how this latter movement could be developed into a vast united and organised body of workers for the furtherance of a sounder educational system and the administration of our industrial art-trades on a plan analogous to that of the Gilds. It would seem easier to graft the socialistic principles propounded by the author on to the Arts and Crafts movement, which already contains the germ of a similar ideal at its root, than to graft an appreciation of philosophy and art on to Trade Unionism, which only materialises the idea of co-operation in its crudest form.

The fact that this book challenges criticism in no way detracts from, but rather increases, its value as a most able addition to the literature of a subject that is one of the pressing needs of the day. The reader's interest in the author's point of view is held from first to last by the clearness of the arguments and the simple directness of his literary style. One thing is incidentally made very apparent in perusing this book—the necessity for a wider, more sympathetic view of education on its ethical and æsthetic sides, so that we may recover "more scrupulous honesty in respect to our trade relationships, the restoration of living traditions of handicraft and the emergence of nobler conceptions of life in general."

THE YOUNG LION

Leo Tolstoy, his Life and Work. Autobiographical memoirs, letters, and biographical material, compiled by PAUL BRUKOFF, and revised by LEO TOLSTOY. Vol. i. (Heinemann, 6s. net.)

If there be a muse, as Robert Burns feigned to believe there was, whose name is fun, her inspiration is sadly lacking in this serious, not to say lugubrious, life of the great Russian novelist. It is indeed a most serious work and suggests that the author was much more anxious to exhibit Leo Tolstoy as a prophet and a teacher than as a literary artist whose province it is to hold the mirror up to Nature. Perhaps that may to some extent be traced to the nationality of the novelist. The young Russian noble was educated and brought up in a way that would seem strange indeed to the budding heirs of our own landed gentry. It is set forth with the greatest care that the progenitors of the writer on both sides were illustrious and high officials. He was, in a manner of speaking, born to the purple. His father, after a period of service with the army, retired to his estate and engaged in the ordinary pursuits of a Russian nobleman. He was not a cruel man, and yet we get here and there a hint of occurrences that shock our English ideas:

We children with our tutor were returning home from a walk, when by the barn we met the fat steward, Andrey Flyin, followed by the coachman's assistant—"Squinting Koozma," as he was called—with a sad face. He was a married man, no longer young. One of us asked Andrey Flyin where he was going, and he quietly answered that he was going to the barn, where Koozma had to be punished. I cannot describe the dreadful feeling which these words and the sight of the good-natured, crestfallen Koozma produced on me.

We can scarcely fancy a country boy, such as the Sir Bevis that Richard Jefferies attractively pictured, watching the bailiff, for instance, going to receive corporal punishment in the barn. The childhood of Tolstoy was spent in the village of Yasnaya Polyana,

the family estate of the Princes Volkonsky and is situated in the Krapivensk district of the province of Tula. How early his reminiscences begin may be gathered from the fact that he relates "his vague sensations of being swathed," sensations that he felt during the first year of his life, while he has a host of memories of the days before he reached the mature age of three. This fact alone would explain our lament that the muse of fun was not looking over the shoulder of the biographer when he penned these passages. As a matter of fact, the early reminiscences of Leo Tolstoy are not very illuminating. The biographer has made extensive use of notes supplied by his subject, and probably his seriousness is to some extent a reflection of that of his author. A great deal of attention is devoted to the moral development of the young prodigy and very little to those amusements and external interests that probably were of far more importance in shaping his character. Up to fourteen years of age he is said to have been most influenced by the story of Joseph from the Bible, the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and two or three Russian authors. Previous to this he tells us that he was greatly concerned with conceptions of beauty, philosophic argument and the solution of such a question as: "Why is symmetry pleasant to the eye?" University life does not hold anything very interesting, but the following paragraph will give an idea of his thoughts at the time:

At that date, which I regard as the extreme limit of boyhood and beginning of youth, the basis of my dreams consisted of four sentiments. The first was the love for *her*, an imaginary woman, of whom I dreamt ever in the same way, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any minute. . . . My second sentiment was the love of love. I wanted everybody to know and love me. I wanted to tell my name, and have every one struck by the information, and surround me and thank me for something. The third sentiment was a hope for some unusual vain happiness—such a strong and firm hope that it passed into insanity. . . . My fourth and chief sentiment was my self-disgust and repentance, but a repentance which was so closely welded with the hope of happiness, that there was nothing sad in it. . . . I even found pleasure in my disgust with the past, and tried to see it blacker than it was. The blacker the circle of my memories of the past, the brighter and clearer stood out from it the bright and clear point of the present, and streamed the rainbow colours of the future. This voice of repentance and passionate desire for perfection was the main new sensation of my soul at that epoch of my development, and it was this which laid a new foundation for my views of myself, of people, and of the whole world.

Yet it is at about this time that the natural frankness and candour of the man began to tell. He does not seem to have been a particularly pleasant or amiable child, and, as soon as he approached to maturity, he succumbed to the temptations by the way, though under this yielding to temptation it is obvious that there was always a striving after the good and true, which in the end gained a great victory over the purely animal in his temperament.

I honestly desired to make myself a good and virtuous man; but I was young, I had passions, and I stood alone, altogether alone, in my search after virtue. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life, I was met with contempt and derisive laughter, but directly I gave way to the lowest of my passions, I was praised and encouraged. I found ambition, love of power, love of gain, lechery, pride, anger, vengeance, held in high esteem.

We feel about this time, however, that he begins to resemble the ordinary youth who knows nothing of what he did in swathing clothes. There is something intensely human in the following extract, dated May 1, 1848. It might have been written by an undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge.

Seryozha! I think you are already saying I am a most frivolous fellow. And saying the truth. God knows what I have been up to! I went to St. Petersburg without any reason, there I have done nothing necessary, only spent a heap of money and run up debts. Stupid! Insufferably stupid! You can't believe how it torments me. Above all, the debts, which I must pay, and as quickly as possible, because if I do not soon pay them, I shall besides the money lose my reputation too. Before I get my next year's income, I absolutely require 3500 roubles: 1200 for the Guardians' Council, 1600 to pay my debts, 700 for my current expenses. I know you will exclaim—but what is to be done? Such stupidity is accomplished once in a lifetime. I had to do penance for my freedom (there was no one to thrash me, and this was my chief misfortune), and for philosophy, and so I have

paid premium. Be so kind as to arrange to get me out of the false and odious position in which I now am without a penny at my disposal and in debt all round.

His military life is chiefly memorable from the human point of view for his love-affair with a Cossack maiden, Maryanka. It came to nothing, because, in the first place, the girl does not appear to have cared for him, and in the second he could not make up his mind to:

turn Cossack, become a Lukashka, steal herds of horses, fill myself with red wine, troll songs, kill people, and, when drunk, climb through the window to pass the night with her, without asking myself who I am and why I am.

It was during his military experience that the first idea of writing came to him, and all that relates to this part of his development will be found well worthy of reading. Perhaps the most enlightening incident in regard to his character is to be found in his relations with Turgenev. They seem to have been born to criticise one another.

When Turgenev made Tolstoy's acquaintance, he said of him—

"There is not a word, not a movement, which is natural in him. He is constantly posing, and I am at a loss to understand in so intelligent a man this foolish pride in his wretched title of Count!"

"I did not notice it in Tolstoy," said Payanef.

"But there are many things you don't notice," said Turgenev.

After a time Turgenev came to the conclusion that Tolstoy had the ambition to be considered a Don Juan. Count Tolstoy one day related to us certain episodes which had happened to him during the war. When he went away Turgenev said:

"You may boil a Russian officer for three days in strong suds and you won't succeed in getting rid of the braggadocio of a Junker; you may cover him with a thick veneer of education, still his brutality will shine through."

And Turgenev began to criticise every sentence of Tolstoy's, the tone of his voice, the expression of his face, and finally said—

"And only to think that at the bottom of all this brutality lies merely the desire to get promoted."

The serious quarrel between them is thus described:

In the morning at the usual time [says Fet], i.e. about eight o'clock, our visitors came down to the dining-room, in which my wife was sitting at the samovar at one end of the table and I at the other, waiting for my coffee, Turgenev at the right and Tolstoy at the left of the hostess.

Being aware of the importance which Turgenev attached to his daughter's education, my wife inquired whether he was pleased with his English governess.

Turgenev showered praises on the governess, and among other things related that the governess, with truly English practicality, asked Turgenev to fix a sum of money which his daughter could use for charitable purposes. "Now," said Turgenev, "the governess requests my daughter to take the old clothes of the poor and, after mending them herself, to return them to the owners."

"And do you consider this right?" asked Tolstoy.

"Of course I do; it brings the charitable person nearer to real want."

"And I think that a richly dressed girl who manipulates dirty, ill-smelling rags is acting a false and theatrical farce."

"I beg you not to say this," exclaimed Turgenev, his nostrils dilating.

"Why should not I say what I am convinced of?" answered Tolstoy.

Turgenev said: "Then you think that I do not bring up my daughter properly?"

Tolstoy's answer to this was that he thought what he said, and without venturing upon personalities, expressed his thoughts.

Fet had no time to cry out to Turgenev to desist when, pale with wrath the latter said: "If you persist in speaking in this way, I will box your ears." With these words he left the table, and, catching hold of his head in great excitement, stepped into the next room. He came back a second after and said, turning to Fet's wife: "For God's sake forgive my hasty action, which I deeply repent."

He then left the room again. After this the visitors took their leave.

At the first halting-place from Novosyolky, the property of P. N. Borisof, Tolstoy sent a letter to Turgenev with a demand for satisfaction. Then he went on further to Boguslav, the halting-place half-way between Fet's estate and his own estate, Nicolskoye. He sent for pistols and bullets to Nicolskoye, and, without waiting for an answer to his first letter, sent a second one with a challenge.

The quarrel developed into something that very nearly approached farce. With all these eccentricities, we see amid all these events of childhood the Tolstoy of later days in the making. He was not one of those who seem to be born without original sin, but, as a matter of fact, had rather more than an average proportion of the old Adam in his composition. It would be premature to pass any final judgment on the biography, as only the first

volume is before us. When the work is completed, we hope to make a more thorough survey of the life of one of the most eminent and illustrious men of our time.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The Origin of Life. By JOHN BUTLER BURKE. (Chapman & Hall, 16s. net.)

THERE be some who would have us believe that the mystery of Life is solved: and we have been assured of this more than once of late years. Naturally, such proclamations have excited the profoundest interest. But when those most concerned have forgathered to hear the rendering of the riddle, naught but empty words have rewarded them for the journey. They have been told either that our system of dividing the world into living and not-living was a mistake—that everything is alive; or that the gulf between the organic and the inorganic has been bridged, now by the chemist, and now by the physicist. But the wizard has not yet risen who has succeeded in demonstrating this feat.

Some assure us that "Life" is a something apart from matter, but which manifests itself through matter, and that the biologist's conception of Life is consequently too narrow. Whatever exhibits change, disintegration or accretion, is alive. But this is undoubtedly an unwarrantable use of the term "Life," which must be reserved for that manifestation of matter which, made up of a subtle compound of the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, is enabled to maintain its equilibrium either by abstracting these elements from its immediate environment or by the disintegration of other bodies which have already synthesised these mysterious life-compounds. Living matter defies analysis while it is alive, and, so far, after it has ceased to live it has defied synthesis. Nor is there much hope that we shall ever alter this state of things. We can take life, but we cannot make it.

The latest of these attempts to explain away the mystery of life is that of Mr. Butler Burke, an event which was announced with a tremendous flourish of trumpets in the Daily Press of some twelve months ago. Ill-informed enthusiasts ecstatically assured us that the greatest of all mysteries had now indeed been laid bare, and this by the aid of radium and a little beef-tea! Brought into proper conjunction there resulted small bodies to which the name "radiobes" was given. These radiobes, we have since been assured, are distinguishable from any form of recognised life hitherto known—as might be expected—but (and this was a pity) they were found incapable of survival. This fact, however, was considered to be the crowning glory of the discovery, for in their disintegration these bodies showed signs, it was contended, so closely suggestive of death, that on this score alone it was held it could scarcely be questioned that they had lived. But what Mr. Burke really has done we have now an opportunity of studying in the book which he has just published.

Those, however, who will follow him through his pages will find the way very wearisome, the more so because travelled with a guide who halts by the way, now to contradict himself, and now to demonstrate that biology is decidedly not his forte. As if to clear the ground, he tells us that he uses the

word Life . . . in a sense which, if not necessarily a new one, is at least an extension, and perhaps a considerable extension, of that in which it is already employed. It is used in such a manner as to include within its scope many phenomena hitherto regarded as belonging to the lifeless world. . . .

And he then continues:

Life might be described as a specialised mode of motion, the specialised mode of motion being that of a complex system of molecules in a dynamically unstable state.

Turning now to his "radiobes," he asks:

Are we, or are we not entitled to regard the . . . radium salt on the one hand and the sterilised bouillon on the other, as living or containing the elements of vitality? We should reply the radium yes, but the bouillon no . . . Radium, therefore, may be regarded as the seed, if we may put it so, which grows in the soil. The constituents of protoplasm are in the bouillon, but the vital flux is in the radium.

A most extraordinary conclusion surely, but quite in accord with his notion that

Life-stuff or bioplasm, as distinct from protoplasm, is inorganic and contains the germ and mode of motion of vitality. It is not a seed that grows in every soil, but only flourishes in the chosen environment of beef-jelly.

Naturally, the reader supposes that this is, at any rate, to lead up to the solution of the problem which forms the title of this book. Such hopes are, however, rudely shattered, for we are told, a few lines further on, that "the origin of life itself remains unsolved." "Radiobes," then, cannot be counted on to help in this matter. As was to be expected, they throw no more light on the question of spontaneous generation. But this, too, Mr. Burke realises. Thus he says: "We do not claim to have produced spontaneous generation"; "We cannot claim that in all our observations there is the slightest evidence of anything which is the same as natural life." And Mr. Burke leads us on through just one fourth of his book before he suddenly stops and imparts this information; he leads us a day's journey into the wilderness under the pretence of solving the gravest of riddles, and then tells us that really all he has to talk of is "artificial life"! To tickle us with conundrums such as:

If an investigator . . . set out to manufacture a man, but only managed to produce a donkey; what inference would it be possible to draw from such an achievement?

It is claimed for these "radiobes" that they have "artificial life."

They are not bacteria, not more bacteria than donkeys are men; but, as we have endeavoured to emphasise, they possess most of the qualities which are observed in bacteria;

and then, as if disconcerted at having made such an astonishing statement, he proceeds to qualify it:

at least enough of them to enable us to identify, or rather to classify, them with the living things we see.

But it is a strange classification which would include things living and things not living in the same system, and Mr. Burke has just assured us that these "radiobes" have only "artificial life"—whatever that may be.

These "radiobes" are produced by placing radium in contact with bouillon. After a few days, microscopic bodies appear containing a central differentiated area described by Mr. Burke as a nucleus; later still they "begin to segregate and multiply." That these phenomena are interesting there can be no doubt, but they are not more so than the soap films of Bütschli, for example, —which "crawled"! Nor are they more instructive than the experiments of other workers in this field of biological mechanics, which have been made during the last few years. But it is a mere waste of time to discuss these "radiobes" further with regard to their relation to living matter. The author himself admits they have nothing to do with living bodies. Even if they had, we should be no nearer the question of the origin of life, for the bodies he describes arose out of a matrix of organic matter, i.e., matter elaborated by living bodies. Yet another objection, as has been pointed out by an earlier critic, is that radium salts are very poisonous, and therefore inimical to living bodies. Further, Mr. Burke's experiments, if they prove anything, prove too much, inasmuch as he himself contends that the simplest forms of life are *non-nucleated*, while the conspicuous feature of his radiobes is that they *are nucleated*! We are, indeed, no nearer the solution of the problem of the origin of life than before this book was written.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE CLOSED DOOR

AMID the crowd, I pace apart
 The way that I was wont to go
 Ere yet the years had taught my heart
 The things youth cannot know:
 I, ghost-like, here my footprints see
 On stones that have forgotten me.

Here, where I came each day at morn,
 And whence at night I homeward went,
 The best of all my hopes were born,
 And here their gold was spent:
 The street is filled with dreams of mine
 As some old flask with mellowing wine.

I found the world in this grey street,
 Nor yearned to roam with wearying feet
 In search of all that life can give
 And die still seeking how to live;
 For all that life can give I found
 Within the City's narrower round.

I have not won the goal I sought;
 Poor I shall live, and poor shall die;
 But I am rich in joys unbought:
 In love that none can buy,
 In larger sight, that sees no loss
 In losing childish gauds and dross.

And passing the familiar door,
 Could I go in, and thus once more
 Return into my past, and be
 Still as when last it closed on me—
 My losses so the years requite
 I would not enter if I might.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

HENRIK IBSEN

THE death of Ibsen, which took place at his home in Christiania on Wednesday last, came as a surprise to no one, for he may be said to have been dying for five years. It can hardly be called a loss, except, of course, to his personal friends. His work was done. He had attained an eminence all over Europe which no dramatist of his own or any age, except Shakespeare, had ever reached; and not even Shakespeare ever roused so much talk, thought, high feeling, actual animosity as Henrik Ibsen. And the eminence he won for himself is as nothing compared with the influence he exerted. He not only brought back the theatre into the number of intellectual forces; he set people thinking, questioning, searching for the truth in all countries.

Henrik Ibsen was born at Skien in Norway in 1828. His father, it appears, had means when the boy was born, but lost them when his son was about eight years old. Henrik became shop-boy to a druggist, a more galling position to him, we may imagine, than that of errand-boy was to Charles Dickens, who had never known anything better. His struggle with poverty, cold and hunger was long and fierce; but with characteristic doggedness the boy was educating himself all the time, reading, writing, and discussing constantly. He decided to be a doctor, and by dint of unremitting work succeeded in entering the University of Christiania in 1848 at the age of twenty. It was during this time then that he read Sallust, an unimportant event, one would imagine; in reality an event of the utmost importance to himself and no slight importance to Europe. The reading of Sallust awoke in him the dramatic instinct, and he gave the remainder of his life, almost exclusively, to the cultivation and expression of that instinct. There are very few external facts to chronicle about his life. In 1851 he became manager of the theatre at Bergen, leaving it for the theatre at Christiania in 1857. After 1864 he lived for many years

abroad, in Rome and other parts of Italy, settling at last in 1874 in Munich. Finally, however, he returned to his own country in spite of all the fault which he had found with her sluggishness, her narrowness, her want of true patriotism and of intellectual vigour, and in his own country he died.

His first play was *Catilina*, a tragedy of Roman history. He wrote it when very young, in a little provincial town where he was studying the apothecary's business. There is little of the Ibsen we know in *Catilina*. There is even less, to our thinking, in that extraordinary play, *Lady Inger of Oestraat*, which the Stage Society gave us an opportunity of seeing some weeks ago—a strange medley of all the "properties" and stock-components of tragedy, with no small amount of plain speaking about the patriotism of the Norwegians even in the distant days with which the play deals. He was trying his 'prentice hand, learning his business. And how well he learned it was proved later by his consummate mastery of stage-craft. Completely daring and unconventional in his choice of subject and idea, Ibsen knew through and through the laws and needs of the playwright's art; and many of the concoctors of unidea'd and stagey plays would give much to be able to manipulate their characters and scenes as did the innovator of whom at one time it was not uncommonly said that he was not a playwright at all. This process of mastering the technique of his art partly preceded and partly went hand in hand with the development of the ideas of life and man which startled, shocked and even infuriated the world when the present generation was in its infancy. It is difficult nowadays to realise that these plays, the real Ibsen plays, were dubbed immoral, subversive, all sorts of hard names; while the old phrase "Ibscene" was intended partly to hint a charge which was too unfair to be expressed in plain language. Ibsen was a Radical at heart; a man of the keenest observation, the imagination of a poet, which showed him the truth in its fulness, and a fixed resolve to see and tell the truth and nothing else. He was a man of a keen, if bitter, wit and unflinching honesty: the combination of the two was quite enough to implant in him that desire to *épater le bourgeois*, to shock the comfortable middle-class man, which he carried out so courageously and thoroughly. This is not the occasion to examine whether or no there is any constructive philosophy in the plays. The writings and translations of Mr. William Archer and his brother are the safest guides for all who would study the subject. Ibsen is not a prophet who says smooth things. No convention, however firmly settled, no pretence, however wide-spread and comfortable, is safe from him. He thinks for himself, and he says what he thinks—not as a preacher or a lecturer but as a playwright, a master of character, a poet, a man of imagination.

His value, when all is said, lies not altogether in the actual criticisms he passed on the life of our own times, which may or may not be superseded as society changes and develops: his greatest achievement was this; that by means of the theatre, a neglected and despised instrument of education, he made people think. He knew the force of the theatre, knew that a scene or an idea conveyed by actual representation has ten times the force of one conveyed by black ink on white paper, and will reach, moreover, scores of people on whom books have little or no influence. To him we owe very largely the partial supersession on the stage of meaningless, thoughtless drama, in which old types and sentimentalities and incidents were repeated *ad nauseam*, by plays that present an idea, that set you thinking, that raise before your eyes in quite a new light your own circumstances and difficulties. It is too early yet to judge of Ibsen's influence; he has few imitators, he has left no school. Only in the general broadening of the outlook, the inculcation of ideas, the fearless pursuit and representation of truth, is it possible for us to-day to trace the effect of the works of one of the most remarkable men in all the history of literature.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

DEFOE AS SOCIOLOGICAL NOVELIST

WHEN a man nearly sixty years of age, who has been engaged for a quarter of a century in journalism and pamphleteering, eulogising or abusing the views of different parties on political, religious, and social questions, takes to writing novels, it is only to be expected that he will have something to say about these questions in his stories. What was Defoe's particular aim in the kind of fiction he invented? In the case of such a man as he was, always ready to turn his hand to anything lucrative, the business element counted for much. Having struck out a profitable line, he was sure to follow it up, without being influenced by purely literary motives. Now, Defoe was an extraordinary collector of facts. The versatility, minuteness, and accuracy of his information on the most out-of-the-way subjects have been the marvel even of the modern geographer, whose special department of knowledge, it might be thought, was hopelessly barred to a man of Defoe's period. As an observer, Zola himself, with his arsenal of note-books, did not surpass this omniscient registrar of facts. And, on the other hand, for a romance writer Defoe was strangely lacking in invention. As soon as he began to produce fiction, he found that he had hit a huge section of the public which wanted facts, wanted to be told about the world it lived in, both its own part of it and the bigger world outside, which was still a region of romantic possibilities. Finding there was money in the store of facts he had collected, he began to pour them out in the copious stream of his novels.

In this way Defoe, without troubling to think out a theory or issue any manifesto, became the first naturalist in modern literature. That this is his position is made clear by comparing his stories with the different kinds of fiction that had amused the popular reader in the age just gone by. There were the writers of sheer romance, who descended from the metrical romancers of the Middle Ages, but had passed through the Renaissance influences that produced the "Arcadia"; and there were the biographers of popular heroes, who got their material from a similar source—the old English ballads. Other popular novels were the sentimental idylls of Lodge and Greene, and the Spanish picaresque novels. In all these the story, as a series of romantic or dramatic incidents more or less artistically arranged, was the dominating factor: with Defoe it was nothing of the kind. In Defoe there is never any plot. His men and women are carefully limned: the story takes care of itself. Though he is one of the finest *raconteurs* in the language, his stories lack constructive art; in truth, that was a thing they did not require.

If he had any end in view, it was to give, not merely a faithful portrayal of certain phases of contemporary life, but a minute study of the conditions that act upon human character and make it what it is. As a business man, he gave to his public interesting portraits of existing types, and descriptions of things seen: as a born artist, he gave the inner meaning of the picture. His novels are, in effect if not in intention, chapters in the natural history of the race. Caring nothing for romantic or comic, dramatic or melodramatic effects, he chose the simplest method of telling his story. He took a perfectly ordinary and representative character, a Moll Flanders, a Roxana or a Colonel Jack—people who had no charms of personality—and related their stories with the utmost directness, in the natural form of biography. There was a resemblance here to the plan of the picaresque novel, inasmuch as events there, too, followed each other with the fortuitous consecutiveness of life; but there the incidents were always carefully selected, to convey a desired impression; in Defoe we get the typical life of a typical person. That is all the difference!

Obviously, with such a ground plan, and with a mind

profoundly interested in social problems, he was bound to give a criticism of things as they were. Such a criticism is latent in all his stories, and finds from time to time overt expression in his own comments or the words of his characters. He observes in "Colonel Jack":

It is evident . . . that the history of men's lives may be many ways useful and instructing to those who read them, if moral and religious improvement and reflections are made by those who write them.

He might well have said that the history of men's lives might be useful and instructive to those who govern and legislate, for nearly every story he wrote was a powerful indictment of our penal laws, our treatment of the poor and the criminal classes, of the social system in general.

In the four novels that stand by themselves as, in this sense, criticisms of the existing dispensation—"Captain Singleton," "Moll Flanders," "Roxana," and "Colonel Jack"—the subject of the biography is in every case a victim of social injustice. Singleton was stolen as a child, and sold to the gypsies; his foster-mother was hanged, and he was thrown helpless upon the world. He goes to sea, becomes in the natural course of events a thief; and being mixed up, through no fault of his, in a mutiny, turns pirate. "Colonel" Jack is a London waif, without father or mother, or even a surname. He runs wild about the City, herds with thieves and is himself an expert thief long before he learns that thieving is not an honest trade. In the struggle for life, these characters simply follow the path of least resistance. The picture of submerged London in those days, and the further account of the criminal classes in "Moll Flanders," make even our modern tales of mean streets sound almost Arcadian. Moll Flanders was the child of a woman who was sent to the plantations for a felony. Ignorance and helplessness are the cause of her moral downfall. After many vicissitudes, she is attracted mysteriously, and married, to a man from Virginia, who takes her across the Atlantic. To her horror, she discovers that he is the son of her transported mother, whom she had never seen or heard of since she was a babe. Fleeing home to England, she falls lower and lower, is victimised by a fortune-hunter, and at length, in utter destitution, takes to stealing as the only means of livelihood remaining, is caught and sentenced to be hanged, but in the event transported.

In his account of Newgate, the social reformer speaks out plainly:

My mother-in-law ran out in a long account of the wicked practices in that dreadful place; and "child," says my mother, "perhaps you may know little of it, or it may be have heard nothing about it; but depend upon it," says she, "we all know here that there are more thieves and rogues made by that one prison of Newgate, than by all the clubs and societies of villains in the nation; 'tis that cursed place," says my mother, "that half peoples this colony" [*i.e.*, Virginia].

It is proclaimed on the title-page of "Moll Flanders," that she was married five times; and both in that novel and the others, the facility with which marriages were made and broken is a fertile source of immorality and subsequent disaster. Here, again, Defoe was probing a social sore, an evil that was not remedied until 1753, when the Hardwicke Act, in the face of unpardonable opposition, at last put a stop to "Newgate marriages" and the similar unions, lightly made and lightly unmade, of which they were the type.

Roxana was born in comfortable circumstances and came to grief through the folly of an extravagant husband, who was, as a matter of course, absolute master of her fortune. He absconds, and leaves her penniless, with five children, for whom she finds provision by a trick that, in the circumstances, may be winked at. Not so her ensuing conduct. Inexorable circumstance may be held responsible for her first lapse from virtue, but it was her insatiable covetousness and the vicious twist in her nature that made her fall a constant prey to the temptations offered by the general corruption of morals. In this novel, Defoe

canvasses the question of the subjection of women. The motive that caused many of Roxana's lapses, and those the turning-points in her life, is her passionate rebellion against the doctrine that a wife is her husband's chattel. This independence of spirit was fostered and inflamed by the issue of her first marriage, in which, at any rate, she was the person sinned against.

I told him [says Roxana] I had perhaps different notions of matrimony from what the received custom had given us of it; that I thought a woman was a free agent, as well as a man, and was born free; and could she manage herself suitably, might enjoy that liberty to as much purpose as the men do; that the laws of matrimony were indeed otherwise, and mankind at this time acted quite upon other principles, and those such that a woman gave herself entirely away from herself in marriage, and capitulated only to be, at best, but an upper servant; and from the time she took the man, she was no better or worse than the servant among the Israelites, who had his ears bored, that is nailed to the door-post, who by that act gave himself up to be a servant during life. That the very nature of the marriage contract was, in short, nothing but giving up liberty, estate, authority, and everything to the man, and the woman was indeed a mere woman ever after, that is to say, a slave.

Ay, said I, that is the thing I complain of. The pretence of affection takes from a woman everything that can be called herself; she is to have no interest, no aim, no view; but all is the interest, aim and view of the husband; she is to be the passive creature you spoke of, said I. She is to lead a life of perfect indolence, and living by faith (not in God, but) in her husband, she sinks or swims, as he is either fool or wise man, unhappy or prosperous; and in the middle of what she thinks is her happiness and prosperity, she is engulfed in misery and beggary, which she had not the least notice, knowledge or suspicion of. How often have I seen a woman living in all the splendour that a plentiful fortune ought to allow her! with all her coaches and equipages, her family and rich furniture, her attendants and friends, her visitors and good company, all about her to-day; to-morrow surprised with a disaster, turned out of all by a commission of bankrupt, stripped, to the clothes on her back; her jointure, suppose she had it, is sacrificed to the creditors, so long as her husband lived, and she turned into the street, and left to live on the charity of her friends, if she has any, or follow the monarch, her husband, into the Mint, and live there on the wreck of his fortunes, till he is forced to run away from her even there; and then she sees her children starve, herself miserable, breaks her heart, and cries herself to death! This, says I, is the state of many a lady that has had ten thousand pounds to her portion.

There is the mark of the sociologist, whilst a more didactic purpose is set forth in the preface to "Moll Flanders":

Her application to a sober life and industrious management at last, in Virginia, with her transported spouse, is a story fruitful of instruction, to all the unfortunate creatures who are obliged to seek their re-establishment abroad, whether by the misery of transportation, or other disaster, letting them know that diligence and application have their due encouragement, even in the remotest part of the world, and that no case can be so low, so despicable, or so empty of prospect, but that an unwearied industry will go a great way to deliver us from it, will in time raise the meanest creature to appear again in the world, and give him a new cast for his life. These are a few of the serious inferences which we are led by the hand to in this book, and these are fully sufficient to justify any man in recommending it to the world, and much more to justify the publication of it.

This particular social lesson of self-help, with many others that he who runs may read, is inculcated in each of Defoe's stories, from "Robinson Crusoe" downwards; and there is no reason to doubt that Defoe, whatever his principal motives in writing, thought that he was doing a useful work for his fellow men in giving them forcible illustrations of such a moral.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "A New Point in Shakespeare Bibliography," by Alfred W. Pollard.]

FICTION

The Arena. By HAROLD SPENDER. (Constable, 6s.)

THOUGH the main issues of Mr. Harold Spender's novel are concerned rather with the effect of his hero's unremitting parliamentary labours upon his domestic affairs than with his political views themselves, the fact remains

that the political arena has incidentally supplied him with an opportunity, which he missed, to redeem a rather crude and sketchy plot by triumphing over a difficult situation. Lord Alfred Markham, a son of the Marquis of Glaisdale, who owns broad lands in the West of England, is one who has heard "the deep sighing of the poor" and devoted himself to the alleviation of their condition. After spending some time in their midst in Kennington, he has been induced to stand for Parliament in the Radical interest. He wins his seat, but, as his influence increases, finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. By voting against the Compulsory Purchase clause of the Land Nationalisation Bill he will seem false to his political creed; by voting for it he will be putting a hand to the financial ruin of a father to whom he is devoted. But in this interesting and critical juncture the author bethinks him of a famous device. Even as of old Greek Goddesses were wont to pluck their heroes, sorely bested, from the perilous fight, so now doth Mr. Spender pluck his Lord Alfred from the deadly arena, summoning him by aid of the swift-winged telegram to the bedside of his aged sire so that no man knew whither that great speech tended. This seems a pity, for, though this earnest young gentleman is not very "convincing," his actions are better worth following than those of his youthful bride who, in spite of the alleged combination in her of "youthful merriment and saintlike seriousness" is surely too trivial and self-centred a character for her important share in the action. We can forgive her for not wanting to live in Kennington, but her jealousy of Miss Motherwell, her weakness for Captain Dunster's "gleaming smile," and her sometimes rather fatuous conversation incline us to dislike her. The political scenes in the House and out of it are the best things in the book, but, if Bill Loder is representative of Leading Labour, the part might afford a possible opening to any one who ever studied the demeanour of those beautiful heroes of the old Adelphi melodrama in their milder moments. By the way, the "timbers" of a modern liner could hardly be heard to "creak" in a storm; "larboard" is, we believe, an obsolete term; and the man who could fail to recognise his wife's figure across the deck in broad daylight must be badly in need of glasses.

The Lady of the Well. By ELEANOR ALEXANDER. (Arnold, 6s.)

THIS is the story of Bernart the troubadour, and his horse Baiart, who lived in Italy at the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the days of Guelf and Ghibelline. It is a pretty story, gracefully written, as such a story should be; but a little nebulous, as is the troubadour himself. The very name of Sordello would seem to shed a cloud of obscurity. But the book conjures up a faint aroma of the past, fragrant as the scent of a verberna leaf crumbling in some secret drawer, and we found that aroma very delicate and pleasant. There is no vivid picture of the past; none, we feel, is attempted. The magic of great names is used to foster the illusion of fancies that are charming, and of conceits of love and ladies that are very pleasant to dwell upon for a little: history makes a fine background for the charm of unreality. Such charm we felt when the troubadour, longing to love, sees a lovely lady's face reflected in the waters of the well into which he is gazing, and obeys the lady's behest not to turn and see her actually. That incident is typical of the book's fancies, which are prettily conceived and prettily told.

Beyond the Rocks. By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

"THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH," apart from its impropriety which was not fully realised by the innocent British public, was full of wit, a book to remember. Since then, Mrs. Glyn has done nothing that counts, and her latest story convinces us that she belongs to the large class of "one-book" writers. Theodora Fitzgerald, a lovely child of good birth, is married up by her needy Irish father to wealthy Mr. Josiah Brown, middle-aged and of the middle

class. The *tertium quid* is Lord Bracondale, a most killing person. Mrs. Glyn has been reading Ouida:

She looked at him. His long, lithe limbs stretched out, every line indicative of breeding and strength. She noted the shape of his head, the perfect grooming, his lazy, insolent grace, his whimsical smile. Englishmen of this class were certainly the most provokingly beautiful creatures in the world.

A girl who regards this beauty as her own property plays a trick with a couple of letters which has the ultimate effect, highly convenient to the lovers, of sending Mr. Brown to the tomb, and so all ends well. This story is set in the midst of scenes from life in "smart" society which should delight the admirers of "Rita" and Miss Marie Corelli, but at which the less unsophisticated will shrug their shoulders. It is true that most people could put real names to some of the characters—to Lady Harrowfield, for instance, the painted, insolent old woman whose "path was strewn with lovers," and who, "report said, still had her lapses"; or to Lady Mildred Verner, whose "puny husband was helped to something in South Africa, when the man in possession was a Jew—or as agent for tea and jam in the Colonies—when he happened to be only a colossally successful Englishman." Nevertheless, Mrs. Glyn's picture of the unscrupulous, sensual, bridge-playing set would give a ludicrously false impression, both of that set and of English society in general, to any reader who was unable to correct it by his own observation. Nor is Mrs. Glyn much happier with more reputable people. The best character in a poor book is quite a minor one, a Colonel Lowerby, commonly called The Crow, the very type of gruff, sententious, honest old mentor who is a source of comfort to charming ladies.

The Grey Domino. By Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (Nash, 6s.)

Mrs. DE CRESPIGNY has followed pretty closely Mr. Stanley Weyman's invaluable French recipe for the cooking of a historical novel. Take one invincible swordsman of distinguished parentage, great height and broad shoulders (Roland de Pontrevaix, alias the Grey Domino) for the hero, and one noble, beautiful and scornful young lady (Verrine de Chaumont) for the heroine, and throw them both into the pot of Fate at a masked ball. Here let him mistake her for another lady and send her to a ruined barn on an errand of mercy to a fugitive, one St. Ollier, the mildest of villains. Let St. Ollier fly, leaving the heroine to make her escape unaided, only to find the hero waiting outside. Place the heroine, as the result of her escapade, against her will, in a convent; let the hero discover her there, and when she fears the veil let him secretly marry her. Separate them at once, and put the hero in Paris. Then gradually bring the heroine to him under the escort of the other suitor for her hand, M. de Sillonais. Let her see her husband acting as jester to the king, a part he has only assumed for political purposes. Bring the hero and heroine together, and add to the ingredients of the pot the indispensable misunderstanding. Again separate the couple, before there has been time to clear, and plunge the hero into a series of mild adventures, much against his will, with another lady. Add jealousy on the part of Verrine; more threats of the convent on the part of her uncle and guardian, who has designs upon her fortune; another flight with de Sillonais: a halt at an inn on de Pontrevaix's territory; a revulsion of feeling on Madame's part towards her husband and the chivalrous departure of de Sillonais. At this point throw in the hero, clear and serve as a historical novel of the time of Henry of Navarre. The result is pleasant reading for an idle hour, but Mrs. de Crespigny can do better things. She has an eye for nature, a pretty invention and a sense of humour, and she avoids melodrama, at times with flat results. But we are not sure of some of her facts. Did any convent of the period breakfast so late as 8.30, or any young lady then living think 7 o'clock an unconscionable hour for rising? We are open to correction, but we have our doubts.

A Young Man from the Country. By Madame ALBANESI. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

WHEN a young man settles down in a country village, devotes himself to three small children and offers no explanation as to whether he is a bachelor, or married and under some domestic cloud, or a widower, he supplies abundant food for uncharitable gossip. This is the chief mystery of Madame Albanesi's new story, which otherwise pursues a more uneventful course than readers are accustomed to look for in this popular author's books. A second mystery that is never solved is, why a thoroughly good fellow, of average sensibility and a high sense of honour, like Sir Francis Heatherington, should obstinately continue to adore Sheila Prentice in the face of many proofs of her unworthiness, those, moreover, of a kind particularly repugnant to the masculine mind. The author's enthusiastic comment upon Sheila's physical perfection does not compensate us for her monotonous unamiability, her sneers and flouts at all who form her little world. That she should satisfy her ambitions by marrying Mr. Icariot is a climax with which readers are not inclined to quarrel, for their boredom through his ill temper will at last be avenged. Patricia, Sheila's merry, winning sister, rebels against their mother's despotic rule in a youthful, harmless fashion that is but surface deep; her heart is never in it. Her impatience is free from the bitterness and hatred that characterise Sheila's attitude towards the dear, old-fashioned Mrs. Prentice, who failed to secure the proper environment for the development of her daughters' social gifts. The situation is possible; in life it might excite some measure of sympathy, but in fiction not even Madame Albanesi's art can make the subject interesting. Once the line between suggestion and discussion is crossed, the ugly side of such antagonisms becomes disagreeably prominent. Though "The Young Man from the Country" is less attractive than some other stories from the same pen, it possesses many of the qualities that made previous books successful. The characters are distinct and firmly drawn, and act consistently according to their kind. Lady Amelia Heatherington, in particular, with no charm of person, or of mind, yet stands out boldly as an example of the author's skill in portraiture. As literature the book is the best that Madame Albanesi has produced; the story is well planned and carefully carried out, and the style is smooth and graceful.

FINE ART

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—II

"A MAN'S hand or head does not last more than twenty-five years," said Landseer, "and therefore the time arrives in one's career when the fewer pictures he sends the better." Without necessarily endorsing the first half of this dogmatic utterance, it may be conceded that the advice given in the second is eminently sound. "Truth never fails, nor Beauty waxes old," runs the motto on this year's Academy catalogue; but not even the immortals of Burlington House have the gift of eternal youth, and increase of years is not always accompanied by increase of artistic power. David Cox, it is true, was an incomparably greater artist at sixty-five than at forty; but the late development of his genius was exceptional, and, as a rule, the middle period of a painter is his best.

Inquiry into the birth-dates of our Academicians may not be deemed impertinent in view of Landseer's opinions. Out of thirty painters who have attained full membership we find at least one is over eighty, eight have passed their seventieth, six their sixtieth birthday; that is to say, fifteen in all—exactly fifty per cent.—have exceeded that age at which they would have had to retire from most civil services. To lay too much stress on these figures might be unwise, for two of the seniors among the fifteen,

Mr. Sant and Mr. Orchardson, are assuredly not the least successful of this year's exhibitors. But apart from its influence on his own work, the longevity of an Academician is no unmixed blessing to the institution to which he belongs. Since its numbers are severely limited, the strength of the Academy can only be recruited, short of death, by the retirement of the older members. Why these should be so unwilling to retire it is difficult to guess. A retired Academician or Associate is not debarred from showing his work at Burlington House, and nobody would think less of the exhibits, say, of Messrs. Davis, Hook, Leader, Leslie, Sant and Marcus Stone did they follow the commendable precedent set by the late G. F. Watts and Mr. Frith. Sir George Reid—whose *Bishop of Salisbury*, by the way, is one of the best portraits of men to be seen in the Academy—was a much younger man than Sir E. J. Poynter is now when he gracefully resigned the presidency of the Scottish Academy in favour of Sir James Guthrie. And it is no unkindly comment on Sir George's own presidency to say that his self-effacing action and example have resulted in augmenting the artistic strength and prestige of the northern institution.

Retirement, it is well to remember, does not deprive an Academician of any titular distinction or of the right to exhibit. But it does restrain him from having a voice in the decision as to who shall be elected Academician or Associate, what works shall be admitted to the summer exhibition, and possibly what works shall be purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. These are matters which might better be left to the decision of men under than over sixty. There are painters—Camille Pissarro was one, the late Mr. Brabazon another—who remain students to the end of their days, who are always to be found in the *dermier bateau*. But these are rareties, and the average elderly Academician is neither in touch nor in sympathy with the younger generation of artists. He is as distrustful of new ideas as of new methods, and with difficulty becomes reconciled to either in a third of a century. And by that time his vitality has ebbed, so that in Academy exhibitions and in the Chantrey collection we see the work not of the leaders but of the rag, tag and bobtail of modern movements. As his age advances, the Academician has less reverence for the young, holds with greater conviction that "blood is thicker than water." He has a pathetic faith in the heredity of genius, and will visit on the sons the rewards withheld from the fathers. Mr. C. R. Leslie was an Academician for nearly as many years as his son, Mr. G. D. Leslie, has been, but the fathers of Sir William Richmond and Mr. Marcus Stone remained Associates to the end. At present Mr. Cope is only an Associate also, but, since his father was a full Academician, he need not despair of eventual promotion.

The weakness of the Royal Academy is nowhere more clearly revealed than in the Water-colour Room, the contents whereof are uniformly undistinguished, showing neither acceptance of the new tradition nor maintenance of the old. Profoundly speaking, there is no line of demarcation between the two, for the new has been gradually evolved from the old, and the descent of Brabazon and Melville could be traced through Bonington and Turner to Girtin and De Wint. Between the delicately stained drawings of the last two and the suggestively massed colour-blot of the first there is, none the less, a divergence of technique sufficiently marked to justify separate classification. Of the living artists in water-colour who lean more towards the older method than the new, the most brilliant exponent is Mr. P. Wilson Steer, and after him Mr. A. W. Rich, the veteran Mr. Callow, and that surprising newcomer, Mr. Neville Lytton. None of these is represented at the Royal Academy. The recent deaths of Mr. Brabazon and Mr. Arthur Melville leave the new tradition momentarily without a chief, but certain of their disciples, Mr. R. Gwelo Goodman, Mr. Arthur Burrington, and others, are admitted to Bur-

lington House, not as aquarellists, but as oil-painters. Messrs. Aumonier, James Paterson, and R. W. Allan, who have achieved success, if not greatness, in water-colour, must also be sought at the Academy among the oils. That brilliant flower-painter, Mr. Francis E. James, and Mr. Henry Tonks are, of course, wholly unrepresented, and we feel their absence from the Water-colour Room as acutely as we feel that of Mr. John from the Black-and-White, of Mr. Orpen from the portraits. Even the talent within the Academic circle is latent this year, for Mr. Lionel P. Smythe does not exhibit, Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Sargent send only oils.

This section, then, being much more remarkable for what it omits than for what it includes, calls for little further comment. Mr. Charles J. Watson's freshly handled *Marché au Blé, Neufchâtel-en-Bray* (899), and Mr. Hans Hansen's *Interior: Norwegian Café* (931)—in which an adroit use is made of the brown paper ground—show a proper sense of the possibilities and limitations of the material. Mr. Walter Bayes and Mr. John D. Walker, neither lacking in ability, are not seen at their best in *The Enchanted Wood* (945) and *Street in Assisi* (1041), while Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, though on the right road as regards his laying on of colour-washes, was sadly in need of a plumb-line when he erected *The Rathaus Doorway, Rothenburg* (1018). Here and there may be found a few more drawings which give pleasure: Mr. Arthur Rackham's whimsical *The Magic Carpet* (995), Mr. A. E. Howarth's *Ruins of Christianborg Castle, Denmark*, for example; but, generally speaking, the room has a depressing effect, the exhibitors showing neither understanding of nor respect for their medium. The common ambition to make water-colour do the work of oil is glaringly displayed in Mr. Byam Shaw's *Maud, Daughter of His Honour Judge Tindal Atkinson* (960), a gross performance, which, like Browning's sunflower, loses its true graces for the sake of being "a foolish mimic sun." Even the President is not guiltless in this respect, for his *Belinda* (882) is treated in so oily a manner that it suggests nothing so much as a diluted Alfred Stevens.

The empty quadrangle of Burlington House hints alike at our sculptors' lack of enterprise and our public neglect of their art. It must be close on five centuries now since the nation perceived any relation between the arts of sculpture and architecture. In sacrilegious France the antiquated fashion of decorating edifices with graven images still prevails, but in this more righteous land the third commandment is less wantonly broken, and the British sculptor finds his scanty employment in making busts of the living or erecting monuments to the dead. Perhaps it is this pre-occupation with the graveyard which exhausts the vitality of his attempted renderings of life, and but for his residence in a foreign clime even Mr. Alfred Gilbert might be unable to endow his bust of *Francis Petrus Paulus, Pictor* (1737), with the divine spark. Certainly beside this tempestuous head and heaving breast all other busts seem tame and dead. Mr. Frampton's "posthumous bust" of *G. F. Watts, R.A.* (1671), is able enough superficially, but shows us no living personality, only an expressionless death-mask, uninspired and uninspiring. Mr. Colton's carefully chiselled Maharajahs (1659, 1765) are able, too, in workmanship, but they are scarcely more satisfying, if less commonplace, than Mr. Thornycroft's *Dr. Mandell Creighton* (1654) or Mr. Brock's *Thomas Gainsborough* (1795). A certain dignity of line cannot be denied to Sir W. B. Richmond's recumbent *Memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone* (1793). But it shows little originality of invention save in the figure of an angel at the head, whose curving, outspread wings are incongruously suggestive of a baby's cradle. Mr. Swan's group of *Polar Bears* (1798), in silver and crystal on a lapis-lazuli base, is a pretty toy for a drawing-room, scarcely more.

Fortunately for its own exhibitions, the Academy is less neglectful of talented outsiders in sculpture than in painting. Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Gilbert Bayes, Professor Lanteri, Mr. Basil Gotto, Mr. John Tweed—with a medallion of

Rodin—and Mr. Bertram Mackennal are all efficiently represented, and their contributions raise the standard of this section. The bronze group, *Madonna and the Child Christ* (1792) of the last deserves high praise, for it is beautiful in its expressive modelling and simple, natural pose. Entirely modern in conception and treatment, Mr. Mackennal's group is an expression of the spirit of his age, and not a dateless echo of the antique, like Sir C. B. Lawes-Wittewronge's *Death of Dirce* (1639), to which no Greek quotation in the catalogue can give Hellenic grace and symmetry.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS

So often has the cry of "Wolf" been raised at the supposed advent of photography in colours, that we are disposed to regard lightly the announcement that it has really come at last. Yet, although to those who had dreamt of a simple operation producing the enchanting result seen upon the focusing-screen under the photographer's pall, the combination of three carbon films may seem a backstairs way of arrival, we cannot but regard the present method as truly scientific and theoretically sound. A studio, and reception rooms handsomely appointed, have been opened at the corner of Old Bond Street and Piccadilly, where it is claimed that sitters may obtain photographs of themselves in natural colours. Thus the thing receives publicity as a fact accomplished; and wealthy lovers of novelty will, no doubt, offer a wide patronage. The specimens that adorn the walls are of great interest, particularly those that are reproductions of paintings. In the portraits and other records from "life," we admit the fascination of the colour; but demur a little to the term "natural" in its strictest sense.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: A camera is employed which admits of three rapid exposures made in turn through blue, green and red "filters." These filters, cutting off certain colour rays from the subject photographed, give respectively a record of the yellow, pink and blue rays of the subject. From negatives of these records, prints are made upon thin films of pigment in gelatine. The pigment is, of course, as near to the tint of the original colour rays as can be obtained, and the result is three transparent pictures of all that is yellow or pink or blue in the original. Superimposed, they give the complete result. The precise hue of these films is the crux of the matter: The theory seems sound enough. But the whole thing is in babyhood. Its growth and development will be watched with interest by both artistic and scientific circles.

MUSIC

THE CONCERT SEASON

THE concert season rages, which means that, besides the few notable concerts which everybody knows about and everybody who is anybody (in the world of music) goes to, at all the smaller London concert-halls, afternoon and evening, there is a seemingly endless succession of private concerts given. Fiddlers are busy with their Max Bruch and Wieniawski Concertos; pianists thunder forth their Liszt or melt to tears over Chopin; singers charm their hearers with, at best, Schubert, at worst—perhaps it is better not to say what is a singer's worst. Any one whose lot it is to rush hither and thither to these concerts must be struck by two things, the quantity of talent of a high level, which is, so to speak, current at the present time, and, secondly, a feeling that in it all there is a certain misdirection of energy. Take for instance the fiddlers, who at present seem to be more plentiful than the pianists; a fine technical equipment must of course be taken for granted—nowadays no less is tolerated upon the concert platform—but of individuality, of free and unconventional artistic thought, there seems to be a dearth. I have mentioned Max Bruch as typical of the violinist's programme; I

might go further and say that he is typical of the violinist's aim. His Concerto in G Minor may be fairly analysed into brilliant passages, of which the best that can be said is that they exactly suit the genius of the instrument, and certain others of a wandering and vague emotion, which appear to mean something very serious to both composer and performer, though what, the hearer has some difficulty in finding out. This is true of the Vorspiel and the Adagio. The fine rhythm of the last movement, akin to the last movement of the great concerto by Brahms, awakens the work into life and definiteness, but it comes too late to save the concerto as a whole. Yet probably there are few works which have been so often heard in London during the past few weeks. Its popularity with performers must surely argue some lack of musical insight, a certain carelessness as to what they talk about so long as they do talk. It is not to be classed with the gimcrack parlour-tricks of the Wieniawski school; the reason why they are played is not difficult to guess, but this purports to be serious music and is both serious and dull. So, when it appears constantly side by side with the really great things of violin literature, the suspicious critic begins to doubt whether it is wholly a perception of the greatness of the Bach Chaconne and the Beethoven Romance in G which accounts for their frequent appearance, or whether all are not dictated by the same fashion which decrees that we shall be over-fed with music for two months in the year while we are left to perish with hunger during the remainder. Certain it is that mere thoughtless convention dictates at least two-thirds of the concert programmes and accounts for the fact that, in spite of the narrow range of works performed, a large proportion of current concert music might never be heard again without any appreciable loss to the art.

We constantly need a corrective to taste, to be made to listen to the simple grace of primitive melodies, the pure beauty of fundamental harmonies stripped of the complex adornment which the best of modern music uses, if we are to keep our faculties unimpaired in this respect. Something of this kind is the particular usefulness of concerts such as that given by the Folksong Quartet at Æolian Hall not long since. They are a quartet of excellent singers, whose special business it is to sing four-part arrangements of old folk-tunes, and very delightful and refreshing they are to hear. When a concert begins with such old tunes as "Early one Morning" and "The Meeting of the Waters," sung unaccompanied, with freedom of rhythm and complete unanimity of expression, we are at once taken out of the stuffy concert-room atmosphere and transported into fresh air with the scent of spring in it. Tune followed upon tune; in fact, it was a whole concert of tunes. Most interesting, in the sense of being furthest from our ken, was a set of Russian tunes cleverly arranged by Mr. Percy Godfrey, but the two German, "Vergebens" and "Trutze nicht," arranged by Max Reger, and the well-known Scotch, Welsh and English tunes which ended the programme, were not less fresh and spontaneous. Perhaps the best thing that can be said about Dr. Walford Davies's "Eight Nursery Rhymes," the only vocal music included in the programme that had not its origin in folk-song, is that each little number, full of fun and grace as it is, has something of the childlike character which all the old tunes possess. "Willie Winkie," "Thomas and Annis" and "The White Paternoster" might be the original tunes to the old words, so closely do they fit, while "The Hunting of the Snail" and "If all the Seas were one Sea" only betray their modern origin by being too graphic for old-time music. In Mr. Percy Godfrey's "Humoresken" for wind instruments and piano there are a good many passages of the dull made-music, at which I began by grumbling. But in the last number, called "Burletta," there is a dainty rhythm, broken by little bravura passages for the flute, which has genuine charm. Still, it must be confessed that his work did not so well stand the severe test of close proximity to the folk-tunes.

Listening to such a concert as this, we feel that folk-song might do for modern audiences some such work as it has done for composers in the past. When the limbs of the sonata were fully formed, folk-song in the works of Haydn stepped in to infuse it with living beauty and to differentiate once for all between the purely formal constructions of the theorists and the real art of music. Brought into the modern concert room, it can do something as a healthy corrective to the taste of the listener, clamorously assailed on all sides by unworthy claimants. Only good music can really last, so only the best of the old tunes have come down to us. Judged by their standard, that which is merely ostentatious in modern music will soon betray itself, while what has been added by the real progress of the art remains. But apart from this point of view the Folk-song Quartet is to be valued as a set of singers who have left the beaten track to find their own *métier* and to follow it consistently. In this they are by no means alone, but so many who give concerts of the conventional type have evidently not yet begun to seek for what they individually can do best, that it is worth while to point out those who have.

Amongst instances of concerts stamped by the individuality of the concert-giver must be named the series of violoncello recitals now being given by Mr. Boris Hambourg. These "historical" recitals are designed to cover the whole range of literature for the violoncello, and are therefore instructive as well as musically fine performances. Historical concerts, however, have too often been the refuge for the incompetent, and it is rather in spite of the history than because of it that I cite these as notable performances. To make a list would be only to do injustice to some by omission; it is easier to say that those who strike out a line of their own are comparatively few in number. Let singers give up singing songs because others have made a success with them, and let fiddlers look a little deeper into the rich stores of literature which belong to them, before they make up their programmes, and their concerts would attain the added interest of personal expression.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. HEINEMANN announces a new edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen, edited and chiefly translated by Mr. William Archer. As Mr. Heinemann holds the copyright of all Ibsen's plays, this will be the only complete edition that has so far been issued. The first volume will be ready early in June, and the series will be completed in monthly issues—eleven volumes in all.

Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly, in their series of Antiquary's Books a volume on "Seals," by J. Harvey Bloom. This manual traces the evolution of the seal in England in a series of sections. The principal of these deal with seals of the sovereign and those of royal courts; the seals of archbishops; courts ecclesiastical; those of the peers of the realm, and ladies of rank; seals of the bishops and clergy; those of county families, knights, and squires. The second main division covers seals of corporations, monastic houses, Universities, trading guilds, etc.—Messrs. Methuen have also in the press a new edition of Viscount St. Cyres's "Fénelon" in the Oxford Biographies and the first volume of Ben Jonson's works in the Standard Library.

Mr. John Lane announces the early publication of an English translation of Sienkiewicz's new novel, "The Field of Glory."

We understand that Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons will issue during the present month the complete works of Shakespeare in their New Century Library, India Paper Series.

On May 26, Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith will publish a new book by "Q" entitled "From a Cornish Window." It contains a series of essays, criticisms and poems, a large portion of which have never before been published.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish next week a book by Mr. Lionel Decle, called "The New Russia." Mr. Decle is a distinguished traveller; he undertook one of the most remarkable journeys in South Africa ever successfully carried through, an account of which he published in his well-known volume "Three Years in Savage Africa." He was the first traveller to cross Africa from the Cape to the Nile, and also from the Cape to Cairo. The present volume is the result of a journey to Russia in the early part of this year, and presents a different point of view from that to which most Englishmen are accustomed.

On May 28 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish Luigi Villari's new book, "Fire and Sword in the Caucasus." Mr. Villari spent many months in visiting every important political centre in the Caucasus and inquiring into the general conditions of the country; and the book gives a striking picture of the great Russian Colony during what is perhaps the most critical period of its history.—Mr. Unwin is also publishing a new edition of Major Martin Hume's "Modern Spain."

Mr. Elkin Mathews has a third edition of the late Dr. Richard Garnett's "De Flagello Myrteo" in the press, the second edition being already exhausted.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WORD "ADOBE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think this is derived from Latin, as Mr. Hall suggests. Dozy with far greater probability takes it from the Arabic name for a brick, *tob*, with the prefixed article *at-tob*, hence *adobe*, which like so many other Spanish words is a relic of the Moorish rule in Spain. The Arabic article is properly *al*, but is regularly assimilated to a following dental consonant, hence we find in English and other European languages such loan-words as *adobe*, *assegai*, *atabal*, *athanor*, *azimuth*, where the initial syllables *ad*, *as*, *at*, *ath*, *az*, all represent the definite article.

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

May 19.

THE WORD "BADGER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Our great authorities are at issue hereon; Dr. Murray traces "badger" an ensign, to its extension the Badger—which seems like "the cart before the horse"; Professor Skeat boldly proclaims the origin of both words "unknown." The whole subject may be dealt with under three heads, viz., (1) The dealer; (2) the animal; (3) the badge or sign.

(1) is due directly to the Latin *aufero*, to deprive, plunder, rob; so the late Latin "bladum" put for *ablatum* minus the initial "a"; and *bladarius* a corn-merchant; this is held to have produced "bladger" the primitive form of badger. The corn-badger was a regrater or huckster, one who bought in bulk and retailed at famine prices; thus Fr. *bleveau*, *blaireau* or corn-thief; and we have the dialectical "bladier" (old law term) "an ingrosser of corn and grain;" and *bladarius*, law-latin, a corn chandler or mealman. This seems to authenticate the lost "l" in *bladger*.

(2) The animal is properly the "brock," and called Celtic; taking from Jamieson, as used by Burns, we have, Irish *breach* speckled, Gaelic *broc*, a badger, *brocach*, greyish like a Badger; Welsh *brych*, a freckle; Scottish *broched*, mixture of black and white; a *brookit* cow has black streaks, mingled with white in the face. Here is the blaze or white mark, that counts as a supposed "badge," found in the badger's head.

(3) The badge itself, is traced to a late Latin *bagia*, *bagia*, a sign; this form is found in Dutch, *bag*, *bagge*, jewel, seal-ring [generally with an engraved signet]; French *bague* a ring; Latin *bacca*, A. S. *beag*, "a coronet (?).

A. HALL.

May 18.

THE TOWNSMAN'S COUNTRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "townee" view of the country can never be dreary, as last week's reviewer on Mr. Hueffer's book stated, at least to the countryman who loves a quiet laugh. It is often every whit as crude, unreal, and ridiculous as the rustic's vision of the town. For streets paved with gold read roads laid with white kamptulicon, bordered by meadows covered with three pile Axminster. Ad skies in which the sun can be switched on like the electric light and clouds as

uch under control as the bathroom cistern. This set-fair theory is occasionally contradicted by deluges on Bank-holidays and at times the country side looks over-watered, but speaking generally the fine weather picnic idea lies at the bottom of the Cockney's impression of Arcady. Of course, when he come to settle in the country, his beanfeast ideas sustain a rude shock. Like the old lady from the slums who refused to sit out of doors, he finds there are too many draughts. He discovers to his disgust that the farm yard midden is not infrequently an ingredient of the atmosphere, if not an integral part of the landscape. And his kamptulicon roads, especially if there are motors about, stand sadly in need of sweeping and watering. Nature after the rain may be beautiful enough, but the five months of winter that she takes to dress in make the time of waiting for her appear unconscionably long, even to her most devoted gallants. The cockney takes nature or he takes the thousand products of the earth that are piled up in his markets, without thinking of the toil and labour that have been expended to bring them to his door. She is a toy, a passing fancy, a fleeting conquest. He has not lived with her, suffered with her, wooed her and won her as the despised rustic.

C. B.

"CHURCH-GOING BELL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have always thought that Cowper's line in his poem on Alexander Selkirk—

"The sound of the church-going bell"

was a very beautiful one. It gave me therefore rather a shock to find the phrase "the church-going bell" held up to reprobation by one of your correspondents. I think his objection to the phrase arises from a pardonable misconception. He thinks of the phrases "a house-going clergy" and "a church-going people," and imagines that "the church-going bell" can only mean the bell that goes to church. The fact is that in the former case "church-going" is an adjective, whereas in Cowper's line the word is a verbal substantive, so that "the church-going bell" means the bell connected with "church-going," precisely as a "church-bell" means a bell connected with a church. The phrase as used by Cowper is perfectly good idiomatic English.

A. L. MAYHEW.

"UNIQUE" AND "PERFECT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your issue of Saturday May 19 has the following:

"'Unique' to us means 'the only one in the world': we have never . . . allowed it to be used in these columns for 'good,' 'exceptional,' or 'unusual'; while as to 'rather unique,' or 'almost unique,' not even those pampered persons, the writers of signed Causeries, have been spared correction when they have committed those offences. . . .

"'Perfect' to us has always meant perfect. A thing can no more be 'almost perfect' than it can be 'almost infinite.'"

With deference to the high authority of the ACADEMY, I submit that "almost unique" and "almost perfect" are permissible phrases. It is, of course, granted that there cannot be degrees of uniqueness and perfection, and for this reason "rather unique" is indefensible, but it is clear that things which fall short of those states by a little cannot be called "almost unique" and "almost perfect"? "Almost infinite" is absurd, because, as no limit can be set to infinity, we cannot say how nearly anything approaches it; but this argument does not apply to uniqueness and perfection, which denote definite qualities or states, and, although things cannot possess these in greater or smaller degree, they may fall short of possessing them by much or by little, and if by little may we not call them "almost unique" and "almost perfect"?

T. M. VERNON.

May 19.

INDEXES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I ask you to permit me to support your protest against slovenly compiled indexes. In your review of Canon Ainger's life you state that "the index is one of the worst we have ever met in a book of this kind." How far your statement is correct I have not the means of verifying at the present moment, but the index you refer to must be very bad if it is worse than the index to the recently issued biography of Lord Randolph Churchill. For instance, in this latter index there is no entry under Churchill. The references to the subject of the book must be looked for under "Randolph," and to the author under "Winston." If any man referred to in the work did not possess a title at the date the reference deals with, his Christian name, in almost all cases, has been ignored. The absurdity of this proceeding is shown in the case of Sir John Gorst, where the majority of references are to "Mr." Gorst, and a separate entry is made for a single reference to Sir John Gorst. I may also add that the bad workmanship of this piece of indexing includes omissions. The indexer has "selected" what he thought should be indexed, and thereby diminished the usefulness of both the book and the index, even if what he had selected had been treated properly. My experience as a Librarian assures me that this biography will be frequently referred to and that the need for a good index is imperative. Permit me to suggest to Mr. Winston

Churchill that he should have a new index compiled for the next edition of the work, and that copies of the new index should be obtainable by all Libraries having copies of the earlier issues of the biography.

GEO. T. SHAW.

The Athenæum, Liverpool.
May 21.

PREPOSITIONS AT THE END OF SENTENCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—E.g. *vide* Tennyson's "Simeon Stylites," 196.

"Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say."

Had the line run—

"To which but few can reach—I do not say"

offence were given by the repetition of the word "to" in the previous line.

Can this be the explanation, or is it a Swiftianism?

F. G. F.

May 16.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The subject is not to be dismissed as summarily as your correspondent, Mr. Buckler, supposes. Experience of composition leaves no doubt in a writer's mind that the only way to prevent confusion in the sense of the text arising from the parenthesis of subordinate sentences in a principal sentence containing a preposition governing a relative pronoun is to make it an invariable rule not to separate the preposition from its object. I do not know who it was that first said "Easy writing makes hard reading" but of course he meant that careless writing makes hard reading; and it is undoubtedly true. What trouble it would occasion the reader if writers, especially those not averse from long periods (which by the way, are necessary to the conduct of all complex arguments), were to place the preposition last in a sentence! His eye would have to re-traverse perhaps scores of intermediary words before lighting upon the relative pronoun that serves to complete the sense; and this would not be smooth reading. A convenient test of the purity of a piece of English is effected by parsing it, and no fragment could satisfactorily survive this test if the existence of a preposition could not be accounted for without reverting to a relative pronoun situate several lines further back from which, by some strange convulsion of the text, it had become detached. Foresight places the preposition before the relative pronoun, for by so doing one is not deterred from introducing as long a parenthesis into one's sentence as is requisite by any consideration affecting the relation of a preposition with its object. If in the early pages of a work one comes across so great a solecism as that of separating the preposition from its object one may take it for granted that the book is freely strewn with grammatical blunders: in that case it should be laid aside at once as one is not justified in placing any confidence in the clearness of a mind that has no sense of arrangement in the expression of ideas. And this is not a question of construction alone. Of good prose as of good poetry, rhythm is a characteristic. One has but to hear read aloud a sentence concluded by a preposition, and the ear is offended at once.

The advice not to "talk like a book" is a result of the fallacy that to do so involves some loss of naturalness. As a matter of fact for a reader deliberately to deprive his diction of the influence of his reading (assuming that to be possible) would be to act in an artificial manner. Reading more than any other act of the outer life except that of public worship witnesses to the existence of the inner life. It follows that when one "talks like a book" one is expressing something of the hidden inner life, and that is the more real and natural life of the two.

Besides, the conditions of *viva voce* composition being what they are there is no danger of talking too like a book. The grave and judicial tone of the latter is always modified and relieved in the language of conversation. To circulate the essence of one's thought and reading in the most irresistibly fresh and undidactic forms one can devise; to catch the latent worth of some undeveloped thought which has been diffidently offered by one of the company and to pass it on to the rest in a reply that interprets, develops, idealises it; to fill the social atmosphere with the figments of a "most exquisite fancy," with the playful eccentricities of a "light fantastic" tongue; to do all this in observance of a tacit compact which the company has formed to maintain the "sparkle" of conversation by a real wit untainted by any shadow of ill-will—these are at once the true aims and privileges of the conversationalist. And he knows that it is to his love of reading that he owes the capacity of carrying out these aims.

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Pope, Alfred. *The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset*. With an introduction and descriptive articles. Illustrated with numerous plates and a key-map of the county. 8½ x 7½. Pp. xiv, 142. London: Chiswick Press; Dorchester, Ling, 15s. net. [35 good plates.]

ART.

- Vinycumb, John. *Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art*, with special reference to those used in British Heraldry. Illustrated. 9x6½. Pp. xvi, 276. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Vinycumb regards these creatures not only from the standpoint of art but of interpretation. Each, he believes, is a symbol, and he has tried to interpret each and give the reason for its appearance.]
- Rembrandt: *A Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part VI. 14½x10½. Pp. 6, with 7 plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.
- [The three Schmidt plates in this Part are "The Three Trees" etching; the black chalk "Study of an Elephant" (British Museum), and "The Raising of Lazarus" etching. The photogravures are "The Man in a Golden Helmet" (Berlin); "Samson's Marriage Feast" (Dresden); "Portrait of Titus van Rijn" (Wallace Museum); and "Portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels" (Berlin).]
- Lang, Andrew. *Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart*. 10½x6½. Pp. xiii, 107. Glasgow: MacLehose, 8s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Clifford, Hugh. *Heroes of Exile*. Being certain rescued fragments of submerged romance. 7½x5½. Pp. xiii, 320. Smith, Elder, 6s.
- [Nine short romantic biographical studies of what Mr. Clifford calls the ligan of history—forgotten men who in their day had some connection with, or influence on history, e.g., Lopez, the first exile in St. Helena, Somdet Pasha, King of Siam, George Ross, who settled on Cocos Keeling Islands, etc.]
- Carpenter, Edward. *Days with Walt Whitman*. With some Notes on his Life and Work. 7½x5½. Pp. viii, 187. Allen, 5s. net.
- [Mr. Carpenter visited Whitman at Camden in 1877 and again in 1884, and records his conversations and impressions. The volume includes also papers on Whitman as Prophet (with an Appendix comparing some of Whitman's sayings with those in the eastern and other scriptures); the Poetic Form of "Leaves of Grass"; Whitman's Children; and Whitman and Emerson. Two portraits of Whitman and one of Emerson.]
- Burroughs, Champlin. *The True Story of Robert Browne (1550?-1633), Father of Congregationalism*. Including various points hitherto unknown or misunderstood, with some account of the development of his religious views, and an extended and improved list of his writings. 9x5½. Pp. 75. Oxford: Printed by Horace Hart at the University Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- Mackintosh, Alexander. *Joseph Chamberlain: an honest biography*. 9½x6½. Pp. xvi, 462. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. (See p. 493.)
- Thorpe, T. E. *Joseph Priestley*. 7½x5. Pp. viii, 228. English Men of Science. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Founded so far as possible on Priestley's autobiography. Illustrations. Index.]
- Carroll, John S. *Dante Alighieri*. Lewin, Walter. *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Little Books for Bookmen series. Illustrated. 5½x4½. Hodder & Stoughton, 6d. net. each.

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- Propertius. Translated by J. S. Phillimore. 7½x5. Pp. xii, 183. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Intended both for those who have no Latin and those who wish to study Propertius in the original. Preface.]

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- Russell, John Edward. *An Elementary Logic*. 7½x5. Pp. 250. Macmillan, 3s. net.
- [Mr. Russell is Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science in Williams College, U.S.A. His book is intended for students and teachers. It follows the main tradition of logical doctrine; but contains new methods of arrangement and new features; the most important being that in Part II., "The Logic of Science," in which the author gives a fuller and more exact study of the problems and methods of science than most textbooks of logic contain.]
- Euripides' *Alceste*. Translated by H. Kynaston. With introduction and notes by J. Churton Collins. 6½x4½. Pp. 44. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net.
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- [An abridgment of a larger work on the subject by the same author.]
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- [Intended to replace Professor Mahaffy's "Greek World under Roman Sway," which is out of print. Appendices and Index.]
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- [Dr. Williams's book is founded on his article in the *Law Magazine*, February 1897. He examines Dante's knowledge and use of law, first in the *Divina Commedia*, and next in the prose works and letters. Appendix on the *due Soli* of *Purg.* xvi, 107: Lists of Laws and Cases cited; and Index of Names.]
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- Ince, Morton. *A Handbook to the Works of William Shakespeare*. 6½x4½. Pp. x, 463. Bell, 6s.
- [Mr. Ince's aim is to combine "scientific" and "artistic" criticism; to give, that is, full information on fact, and full consideration of aesthetics.]

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- Hoggarth, Graham, and others. *Cap and Gown*. 11½x8½. Pp. 42. Oxford: The Holywell Press, 1s.
- [The "Varsity Humours." The pictures by Mr. Hoggarth have, most of them, appeared in the *Varsity*. They are clever and funny. Stories, sketches and verses, mainly by Mr. Hoggarth, H. F. B. B.-S. and C. de M. R. A very good shillingsworth of wit.]
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- Hooper, Charles E. *The Anatomy of Knowledge*. An Essay in Objective Logic. 8 x 5½. Pp. 226. Issued for the Rationalist Press Association, Limited. Watts, 3s. 6d. net.

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[A dainty little book of graceful, melodious and often rich poems, by an anonymous writer. The volume is bound in white vellum with leather ties, the binding being copied from a thirteenth-century Venetian book, and executed entirely by hand without glue.]
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- Housman, Laurence. *Mendicant Rhymes*. 9 x 7½. Pp. 56. Essex House Press.

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- Robertson, J. M. *A Short History of Freethought Ancient and Modern*. Second edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. In 2 vols. 9 x 5½. Pp. 480, 455. Watts, 21s. net.
- Ford, Harold. *The Art of Extempore Speaking, or How to obtain fluency of speech*. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 155. Elliot Stock, n.p.
- Dumas's *The Companions of Jehu* (2 vols.) and *The Whites and the Blues* (2 vols.) Each 7½ x 5. Illustrated. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.
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- Lever, Charles. *Lord Kilgobbin*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 475. Macmillan's Three and Sixpenny Library.
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xx, 374. Bell, The York Library. 2s. net.
[Reprints from the first English edition, 1860, with such slight alterations from the American edition, published as "The Marble Faun" shortly after the English edition, "as appear to have resulted from the author's own revision." Biographical Introduction, by G. R. D. This paper.]
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- Purchas, Samuel. *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes*. In twenty vols. Vols. xi. and xii. Each 9 x 6½. Pp. xxviii, 1282. Glasgow: MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net each.
- Fisher, George Park. *The Reformation*. New and Revised Edition. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xxx, 525. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.
[The first edition was published in 1873. Professor Park's well-known book deals with the political and secular as well as the religious and theological side of the Reformation, and elucidates points of theological doctrine.]

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- Edghill, E. A. *An Inquiry into the Evidential Value of Prophecy*. Being the Hulsean Prize Essay for 1904. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. H. E. Ryle, Lord Bishop of Winchester. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxviii, 627. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
[Mr. Edghill first inquires into the nature and scope of the prophetic work and office, drawing a careful distinction between the truths underlying Old Testament Revelations and the relative forms in which they find expression and embodiment; and goes on to examine the interpretation put upon the prophecies by the New Testament writers, concluding with a section on the evidential value of prophecy generally. He throughout discriminates between the temporary and permanent elements of prophecy. Indexes.]
- Horne, C. Silvester. *The Relationships of Life*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 155. Methuen, 1s. 6d.
[A discussion, "from the Christian standpoint," of the practical problems of conduct in the various relationships between members of the same family, lovers, masters and servants, and others—in which life places all.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Gregory, J. W. *The Dead Heart of Australia*. A journey around Lake Eyre in the summer of 1901-1902 with some account of the Lake Eyre Basin and the flowing wells of Central Australia. With Maps and Illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. xvi, 371. Murray, 16s. net.
[The narrative, largely reprinted from the *Melbourne Age*, of Professor Gregory's expedition to South-Eastern Australia, in connection with the geological school of Melbourne University. It contains also, as its last chapter, a paper written for the *Melbourne Argus* on the proposal to flood the basin of Lake Eyre from the sea, by means of a canal from Port Augusta, a proposal which Professor Gregory regards as difficult but not impracticable. Appendixes on Fossil Birds and Mammals and a list of original literature on the Lake Eyre Basin. Indexes.]
- Rouse Ball, W. W. *Trinity College, Cambridge*. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. 7 x 4½. Pp. xiii, 107. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

Kakemono, by Herbage Edwards. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.)—With Japanese sketches the name of Lafcadio Hearn, that most graceful of writers, will be always associated. His books interpret Japan and Japanese to English readers with a beauty and clearness that are unrivalled. We do not say this to depreciate Mr. Edwards's work by comparison; Lafcadio Hearn is a master whom none need blush to follow; but master he remains by virtue of his knowledge and sympathy and gift of expression. Mr. Herbage Edwards has observed well and his observations are interesting and daintily put, though his simplicity becomes at times somewhat mannered, and his effects seem a little vague and far-fetched. That is not always the case, however; and he draws an admirable picture of the cloisonné factory in Nagoya, where the skilled work is done by the old men, and their age and skill in workmanship advance on parallel lines: "But the oldest of all sat by himself in a little room just opposite the arching bridge which crossed the mountain stream. He wore a pair of quaint horn spectacles and his face was the face of an Eastern sage. He sat with his tools before him fixing silver wires on to a silver vase with a certainty and rapidity beyond his fellows: and all that is most beautiful and most difficult in the cloisonné works of Nagoya comes from his hands." We are irresistibly reminded of Thoreau's old fisherman. "A straight old man he was who took his way in silence through the meadows, having passed the period of communication with his fellows: . . . whose fishing was not a sport nor solely a means of subsistence, but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles." Thoreau would have written finely about Japan: even in Concord he could understand the beauty of Eastern thought, and that beauty is apparent is materially expressed in no other country as it is in Japan. It penetrates the most trivial things of Japanese life's daily routine. Witness Mr. Edwards's account of the little stately old lady who taught the art of flower-arrangement. Seven years must be given to the art's study by one who will be its teacher, three years by a pupil. And the essence of the art lies in the perfection, not of colour, but of line-effect, which would pass unnoticed by the untrained. It is this spirit which endows small detail with almost ceremonial importance, which makes the fascination of Japan, and lends a strange interest to such books as this, which is written with reverence and without adulation. For the Japanese know splendidly how to live; their *savoir vivre* is so perfect that we cannot know too much about it.

We have on our shelves several little volumes of Messrs. Routledge's "Miniature Reference Library," and find them both trustworthy and useful. The latest addition to the library is Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's *Five Thousand Words Frequently Misspelt* (Routledge, 1s. net.) This little book is an attempt, on a very small scale, to standardise English spelling. Standardisation is a process which must rouse objections from somebody; and we find ourselves regretting that Mr. Sonnenschein should pronounce for "medieval" as against "mediaeval"; "biased" as against "biassed," and—as our readers have guessed—the "z" as against the "s" in the inflected forms of words like "standardize," "authorize" and "criticize." He is obliged, too, to be occasionally dictatorial. He will not allow "enquire" nor "despatch"; and more than once he gives as English words—unaccented—words like "depot" which are certainly not English, and should never be written but in italics with accents. On the other hand, he has a good reason for nearly everything that he does. "The best usage of the best contemporary writers," backed, in cases where the choice is arbitrary, by The New English Dictionary, ought to be authority enough for any one who is not a philologist. The book is built on the difficulties of two hundred and fifty friends of the author, together with those experienced by children in the Fifth and Sixth Standard; so that it is pretty certain that no practical difficulty has been omitted, and the book should prove of the greatest service to hundreds of thousands of people.

The Journal of the Folksong Society (No. 7); *Folksongs from Somerset*, second series. (Barnicott and Pearce, Taunton.)—The subject really appears to be receiving something like adequate attention nowadays, and if Mr. Cecil Sharp, the eminent folksong collector, is to be trusted (and we know that he is) it is none too soon. With the plague of music-hall songs and musical comedy selections spreading over the whole country side, with the publication of cheap editions and the itinerant piano-organ, the tradition of folk melodies and words is

rapidly becoming lost. The Folksong Society is working hard both to collect and preserve the tunes and words, which are published in their journal without accompaniment, and as nearly as possible as sung by the country folk, and to spread information which may arouse interest and help any one who may attempt collecting. This number of the *Journal* contains a paper by Mr. Frank Kisdon giving much useful information on the subject of the "Ballad-sheets" and "Garlands," which were the only ways in which the words of songs were printed and distributed in the past. The remainder is devoted to a number of tunes and words collected by various members of the society, including Mr. Percy Grainger, Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Cecil Sharp, and Miss Lucy Broadwood. Particularly interesting in the *Journal* is the opportunity it affords of comparison by printing different versions of the same song side by side, versions which have been found in different parts of the country by different collectors. Thus there are four tunes to "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor," found at Taunton and Bournemouth and in Herefordshire and Devon. Many of the tunes are of great beauty, and all have a striking individuality. The same may be said of Mr. Sharp's *Folksongs from Somerset*, which are as faithfully noted as those of the *Folksong Journal*, while for practical purposes they have the advantage of neatly written and careful accompaniments for the piano. As this is a collection primarily for use rather than antiquarian interest, the words have been more freely edited and in some cases re-written by the Rev. Charles Marson. The editors in an introduction insist upon their title "*Folksongs from Somerset*," since it is impossible to claim that all belong to that or any other part of the country. Many are versions of ballads which Scotland has already claimed and will not readily part with, as, for instance, "The Low Low Lands of Holland." All that the editors claim is that "they happen to have been caught" in Somerset. This collection of twenty-seven is a very worthy second to the first of the same number. What is needed is that singers should complement the splendid efforts of collectors by singing these beautiful tunes until they regain their hold on the affections of the music-loving public. Something is being done in that way too. We discuss elsewhere in this number a concert recently given in London by the "Folk Song Quartet," an excellent set of singers with a splendid field for work before them.

We notice the publication of a new review which may be of interest to some of our readers. *Inri* (published at Market Chambers, South Parade, Market Place, Nottingham, rs.) is described as a monthly review of occult science, transcendental philosophy and experimental research. Its Hon. Director is Papus, M.D., Doctor in Kabbalah; its Editor is Teder, Doctor of Herm. Science; and its aim is to nurture the "spiritualistic renaissance," which has "already stultified the hardy denial of the materialists," to "control its tendencies and prune its excrescences"; "to synthesise Science and Faith, Physics and Metaphysics, the Visible and the Occult." It pledges itself also to "investigate impartially all the phenomena of Spiritualism, Magnetism, Hypnotism and Magic, as they are known to-day, and as they were better known in ancient times in Orient." Those who know the Paris review, *L'Initiation*, will find in *Inri* its fellow.

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